

Atlantic Insight



JULY 1986 \$1.95

Summer foods of Atlantic Canada

Catherine McKinnon

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success story

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Yarmouth's tin
mine disaster

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Atlantic Canadians
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Atlantic Insight

JULY 1988

VOL. 8 No. 7

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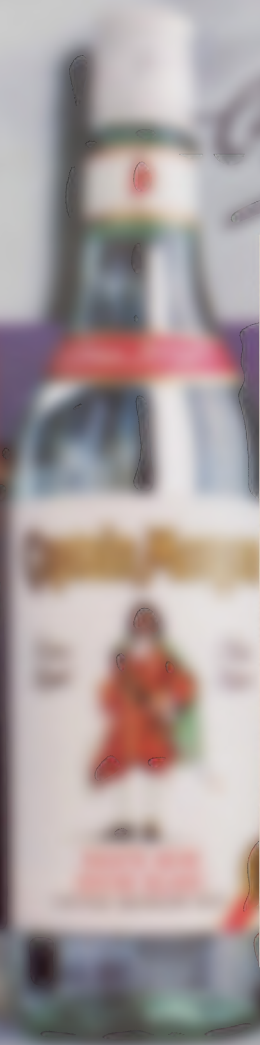
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Atlantic Insight

Publisher
James Lorimer
Editor
Ralph Surette
Editorial Assistant
Patricia Ann Holland
Art Director
Kevin O'Reilly
Production Manager
Barbara Webber

Supplements Editor
Patricia Ann Holland

Comptroller
Mary Savoy

Circulation Supervisor
Heather Lively

Customer Service Representative
Yvonne Power
421-1952

Promotions Co-ordinator
Sydney Ann Doyle

Regional Sales
Peter Gildart
Neil Sampson
1668 Barrington St.
Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2
Telephone: (902) 421-1214

In Newfoundland:
Silvana Galli
10 Virginia Road
Wedgewood Park
St. John's, Nfld. A1A 3A8
Telephone: (709) 739-7905

National Sales
John McGown & Associates Inc.
Chantal Côté
785 Plymouth Ave., Suite 310
Montreal, Quebec H4P 1B3
Telephone: (514) 735-5191

Jack Fargey
4800 Dundas St. W.
Toronto, Ontario M9A 1B1
Telephone: (416) 232-1394

Eric McWilliam
885 Dunsmuir St., Suite 595
Vancouver, B.C. V6C 1N8
Telephone: (604) 688-5914

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COVER STORY

Catherine McKinnon has come a long way since, as a teenager, she won a place in the hearts of Maritimers with her special treatment of *Farewell to Nova Scotia*, a traditional seafarer's ballad. She went on to carve out a career — alone, and later with husband Don Harron — in drama and comedy as well as in music. **PAGE 16**

COVER PHOTO BY DAVID NICHOLS

MIGRATIONS

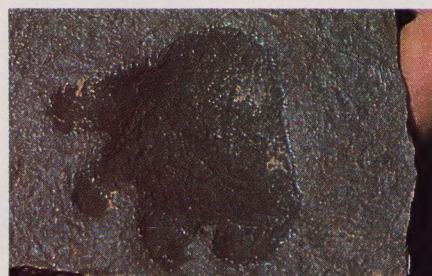
East Coast fishermen moved to B.C. in the 1970s and appear to have practically taken over the dragger industry. Some say the boats can go out with smaller crews than in the east and make double the money. Others like the way of life, easier fishing and a new-found respect for their profession. **PAGE 14**

FEATURES

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NATIVE PEOPLES

Micmac, like most native languages in Canada, is in danger of disappearing. Micmac groups are trying to halt its erosion with new teaching programs. At stake may be the cultural identity of the Micmac people. **PAGE 26**



SPECIAL REPORT

A major discovery of fossils near Parrsboro, N.S., has established the Bay of Fundy as one of the world's great sites for research into the era of the dinosaurs. The find became controversial, however, when an American team removed 100,000 bones and fossils to the U.S. without a federal permit. **PAGE 20**



SUMMER FOOD SUPPLEMENT

The Atlantic region enjoys a rich bounty of summer foods — produce from the farms and catches from the sea. They are proudly displayed in farmers markets, at U-Picks and roadside stands and in country dining rooms and bed and breakfast homes. **PAGE 27**

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

The foods of summer: let's tell the world our secret

Atlantic Canada has two justly famed natural resources — the sun and the sea — which draw people from across North America every summer. But we have another resource with as much potential to bring people here and reward them with unforgettable experiences. We've kept this a secret, probably out of modesty and caution. It's time we let the rest of the world know: in summer, along with the sun and the sea, the third great thing about Atlantic Canada is our food.

Summertime food bears no relation to what we eat the rest of the year. It begins in May with rhubarb, fiddleheads and canner lobsters, continues in June with leaf lettuce, salmon, garden herbs and asparagus, then reaches full bloom in July with a wealth of delights: fresh peas, berries, corn, tomatoes, new potatoes, carrots, and so on until the squash, pumpkin and parsnips of fall. The list seems almost endless. To the bounty of gardens, add the produce of the sea: lobster, crab, scallops, clams, mussels, halibut, mackerel... combine them, if you will, with the magic of outdoor cooking on barbecues.

You don't find much of Atlantic Canada's summer food in supermarkets. Nor do you find it in downtown restaurants whose menus are the same in January as in July. Summer food exists in its own world. Fruits and vegetables come from a special set of summer sources: U-Picks, roadside stands, farmers markets and... fish markets.

Seafood is a special challenge. If you're in the right part of the region and if you're lucky, there's a fish store that offers whatever local fishermen are catching. There are more fish markets now than there were ten years ago, but there are still not nearly enough. Or you may be able to buy right off the boat.

Gathering summer food takes time, patience and travel. In August, my family and I will be going 20 miles out of our way to find fresh corn, tomatoes and other vegetables at Christiansen's farm near New Glasgow, N.S. Thousands of Haligonians will be making trips to the Annapolis Valley to visit the U-Picks. Sure it takes time, and you may have to search them out, but you'll come back with your car brimming with wonderful stuff.

This secret world isn't confined to produce for home cooking. You can dine out too, and in a very particular way. Here's something that's almost unknown

in the rest of the country: the summer restaurant. We're so familiar with this idea that we don't even remark on the fact. Every spring, the year-round restaurants are supplemented by a cornucopia of summer restaurants. There are the very fancy ones, like the Digby Pines and Keltic Lodge in Nova Scotia and Shaw's Hotel and Dalvay-by-the-Sea in P.E.I. And there are the simpler places, often bed and breakfast homes that offer evening meals as well, like the Compass Rose on New Brunswick's Grand Manan Island.

Summer restaurants are able to offer menus based on fresh local food. They can serve seafood they get from local fishermen. They can offer salads made from wonderful varieties of lettuce because they grow it themselves. The result is that the experience of eating in a good summer restaurant — and almost all those I've tried have been terrific — is entirely different from what you find in the year-round establishments. You are eating our best produce, cooked by people who appreciate the taste that comes with freshness and know how to enhance it.

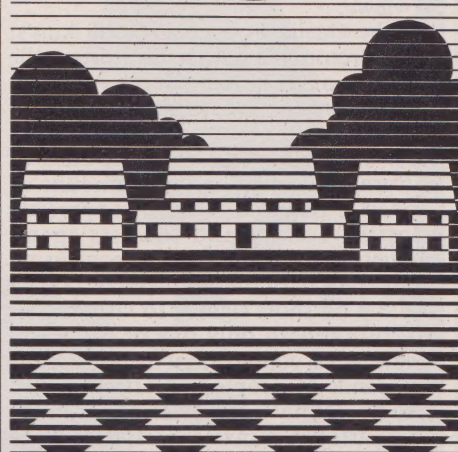

Our natural reticence may lead us to think that, since the rest of North America gets strawberries and corn and peas in summer, there's no reason to boast about ours. But the rest of Canada doesn't have the same means of obtaining really fresh garden fruits and vegetables — picked today, not a week ago, ripened by the sun in the fields, not sitting in boxes waiting to be sold.

Summer food is our natural advantage. We do worse the rest of the year than other parts of Canada because we're so poorly served by the food distribution system. In summer, we do better.

Here at *Insight* we've decided to do our bit to tell this story. We were warming up to it last month, when we had our food feature on strawberries and a supplement on summer food festivals across the region. In this issue, we've got a whole supplement devoted to summer food. And we're already planning for our July issue in 1987, when we're going to go all out with contests, cookbooks and more features.

It's time we owned up to what we have: a special experience that is well worth travelling hundreds of miles to enjoy. Let's tell the world.

— James Lorimer



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FEEDBACK

The Gaelic College

Contrary to the negative image of the Gaelic College portrayed in your June issue (*A big Gaelic squabble in the land of the giant MacAskill*), the college is progressing in a very positive direction.

Let's set aside the several bushels of sour grapes used to write that article and look at the situation from a factual point of view.

The Gaelic College at Saint Ann's, Cape Breton, is a unique institution; the only one of its kind in North America. Instruction is offered in all disciplines of Scottish culture by world-class instructors. To achieve this high standard of cultural education, a large amount of money is required. Tourists appreciate Scottish culture and tourists spend money. Therefore the logical conclusion would be a harmonious blend of both. I feel it a bit short sighted to visualize an institution with only one of these elements. Also, consider that there are many thousands of people in North America who do not have any given talent in the Celtic arts but wish to express their pride in their Scottish heritage by the wearing of their tartan. However a person chooses to acknowledge their Scottish heritage — whether as a student of Celtic arts, as a spectator of Scottish music and dance, or simply by wearing their clan tartans or crests — the Gaelic College can provide it all.

But to categorize these thousands of people and use terminology such as "tartan circus" insults the very core of the Scottish community in Nova Scotia. The Gaelic College is going to survive and the spirit of harmony and co-operation is very prominent between the College Foundation and local residents. On Saturday, May 24, 1986 a large group of voluntary members of the College Foundation gathered to work together to prepare the buildings for summer operation. Reflections of pioneers days were evident as people hoisted brooms or paint brushes or hammers and worked together as a unit. The amount of work accomplished was amazing and very encouraging for the new administration.

Affiliated societies or organizations are being approached with efforts being made to patch up the differences of the past couple of years, the success becoming more visible each day. Many people have their advice or ways of helping the Gaelic College and I am willing and dedicated to listening to and acting on as many of these suggestions or offers of help as possible.

As for the reference to the museum, I would like to point out that the Gaelic College also highlights the life of the Reverend Norman MacLeod and the early settlers of the Saint Ann's Bay area and the early history of the college and the work of the Reverend A.W.R. MacKenzie. The life of Angus MacAskill is also

important to us, as it is to the MacAskill family. I believe co-operation between us will be easier and more beneficial than competition.

As executive director of the college, I will administer the operation of the college, never forgetting our ancestors who, through their endeavors, established such an institution. We must now go forth and expand on their vision and ensure the continuance of our great heritage, for the only thing better than being born a Scot is to be born a Scot in Nova Scotia.

Jim MacAulay
Executive Director
The Gaelic College
St. Ann's, Cape Breton

Buy in Atlantic Canada

It is time we started to rely on ourselves and our resources. I regret that I cannot say in this letter how we can manage this. However, the sooner Nova Scotians and Atlantic Canadians start to work on it, the better — *Publisher's Letter*, (March '86). A good place to start is to continue to promote Atlantic Canada Plus. People need to be reminded that when they buy goods from outside Atlantic Canada, when similar ones are produced here, they are exporting jobs, decreasing provincial governments' revenues, increasing provincial debts, and inevitably reducing government services.

John Ardenne
Tantallon, N.S.

Acadians, please

I really enjoy reading your magazine each month. It puts me a little closer to home. I'm an Acadian from Saulnierville, N.S., and I would really love to see an article on the Acadians. Our villages along Saint Marie's Bay are very beautiful, the people are friendly, and the food is great. So I'll be looking forward to this in one of your magazines.

Christine Dugas
Edmonton, Alta.

Lumping Irish with British

Your publisher's letter for April, *The Maritime identity — do you know what it is?* states: "Our life incorporates borrowings from Great Britain, from France . . ." This reminds me of the federal government lumping the Irish in with the British in their census. The term you should have used was The United Kingdom (of Britain and Ireland) since Great Britain only refers to the larger island of England, Scotland and Wales.

Peter McGuigan
Halifax

A conservationist's view of Expo

Ray Guy, in his recent column, *Mak-*

ing it to Vancouver and back (May '86), mentions some reasons for and against visiting Expo 86. I feel that people concerned about the British Columbia government's cavalier attitude toward wilderness values and the Haida and other Indians, should go to Expo only when Premier Bennett agrees to co-operate with the Indians and the federal government to establish wilderness parks in the South Moresby archipelago of the Queen Charlotte Islands, on Meares Island. British Columbia has spent millions to create an artificial tourist attraction (including an imitation forest) while permitting priceless assets provided free by nature to be sacrificed. The virgin forest of Meares Island contains the largest trees surviving in Canada, while the dwindling wilderness of the Queen Charlotte Islands supports unique and rare flora and fauna and provides nesting sites for one-quarter of all the seabirds of our West Coast. This includes three-quarters of the ancient murrelets, two-thirds of the tufted puffins, one-third of the storm petrels, and half of Cassin's auklets. Please write to Premier William Bennett, Victoria, B.C., and if you get a positive response, and he acts, then head for Vancouver.

Martin R. Haase, Exec. Secretary
Friends of Nature Conservation Society
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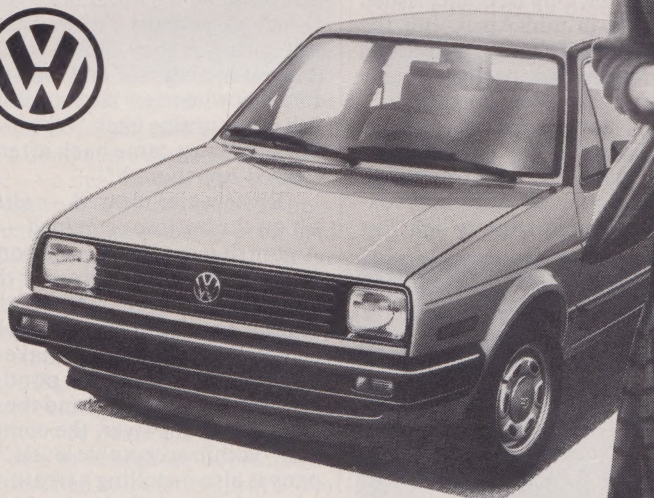
"Specialness" at the IWK

It ain't hope! Having nursed at the IWK, I felt your cover story in the May issue, *The medicine of hope*, captured much of the "specialness" of the hospital for children. I would, perhaps, have focused more specifically on the caregiver as it is he/she who directly influences the gentle, caring approach and atmosphere found in the hospital. One aspect of the report bothered me. Twice the author wrote: "It is so different from adult hospitals. That difference is hope." Was the author suggesting that an emphasis on hope at the IWK made it different from other health care facilities? Was this the intended essence of her message? There is hope in adult hospitals. As in the IWK, there are different kinds of hope for different types of patients. The cardiac patient lives with hopes different from those of the terminally ill cancer patient — be they six or 60 years old. The health professional continually works with the patients and family to establish hopes that are appropriate and realistic. One does not give up hope because of age or disease process. The difference between the adult hospital and the IWK is not hope. The "specialness" found at the IWK is no doubt due to the positive and understanding attitudes of the staff, and to the openly honest and inquisitive children.

Joan Hamilton, RN
Hamilton, Ont.

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A tin mine's disastrous debut

Rio Algom's tin mine at East Kemptville, N.S., was only open a few months when it polluted the Tusket River system. A lot of people who clamored for the mine are sorry they did

by Belle Hatfield
Rio Algom Ltd. was heralded as the economic savior of southwestern Nova Scotia until its tin mine — North America's first — actually opened last fall at East Kemptville, Yarmouth County. Now it's being attacked — not only by Opposition politicians and the media but by the people who first welcomed it with open arms.

Only months after the mine started production last October, elevated levels of suspended solids — superfine clay-like material — began showing up in routine monitoring of discharge from the mine's tailings pond. The pond discharges into tributaries of the Tusket River, the region's largest river system. The suspended solids are harmful to fish habitats, cutting off light and choking the river bottom.

Area residents, Opposition party leaders and even cabinet ministers who pushed for the project are anxious to know how a new mine designed by an experienced mining company, approved by

the province's environment department and built to comply with strict environmental standards could fail so spectacularly to meet those standards.

It wasn't until residents began complaining about brown river water late in January, that department of fisheries and oceans (DFO) and environment officials took notice. Monitoring revealed consistently high readings of suspended solids — in some cases more than four times higher than limits set down in the company's permit to operate — but the company continued to operate without objection from government agencies. Finally, after much pressure, the province's environment minister, Guy LeBlanc, issued a clean-up order in mid-April. But the legacy left by the affair seems destined to linger even longer than the slimy residue choking parts of the river bottom.

Residents no longer trust the company to protect the river and they want answers — in particular about chemicals being used. For many, the first indication that toxic chemicals were on site came to light last

October when a truck carrying sodium cyanide to the mine overturned near Yarmouth forcing the evacuation of 2,000 people. Now they want to know what else is going into the mine's tailings pond and ultimately, they fear, into the river system. The questions have snowballed into an angry backlash against the company — and against the provincial government, whose trusting attitude during pre-construction negotiations, many now feel, paved the way for the environmental mess.

Says one frustrated resident, "It looks like we've made a big mistake in trusting the government to protect our interests. The province has been incredibly naive through all of this. Rio Algom's like any big company, they're going to do just as much as local laws let them. They're there to make a profit."

The newly formed Tusket River Environmental Protection Association is spearheading the citizens' protests. Milledge (Mill) Nickerson is its president. Born and raised along the banks of the Tusket, environmental concerns were the last thing on his mind until recently. He fished gaspereaux on the river as usual this spring as they came up for their annual spawning run and was shocked to find that when they hit the pollution, "the fish were turning back. We weren't catching any. They came back after the water cleared up, though."

River water cleared — although the silt on the bottom remained — after Rio Algom dammed its tailings pond April 30 to meet a May 1 deadline for the government cleanup order. The pond remained dammed as the company applied "floc-culents" — chemicals to make the silt settle to the bottom of the pond. The dam re-opened in late May and the water that flowed into the river, the company said, was "within acceptable levels." The company is also installing a treatment system where the pond discharges into the river, and a dyking system to better control discharge, originally planned for the next five years, is being built now.

Residents along the river and other concerned citizens are not convinced that any of this will work. Nickerson says his association isn't just concerned with the suspended solids problem — which led DFO to lay charges against the company in May — but also with other possible hazards such as arsenic, heavy metal residues, radioactivity from uranium and the chemical flocculents themselves.

The public outcry comes in sharp contrast to the welcome most residents of the area gave mine officials during the development phase. When plans for the mine were announced in 1983, Yarmouth County rejoiced. The \$150 million project brought the promise of 250 permanent jobs and an annual payroll of \$8 million.

In its desire to court Rio Algom, a subsidiary of the British multinational min-



PHOTOS BY BELLE HATFIELD

Brown water and fears of radioactivity trigger residents' questions and complaints



Nickerson: protecting the river and the land

ing giant Rio Tinto, the government passed two controversial pieces of legislation. One — a deal giving the company what amounts to a 50 per cent tax holiday on municipal assessment — prompted NDP leader Alexa McDonough to charge that the government was “giving away the bread basket.” The company got another sweet deal on royalty payments. As company chairman George Albino was saying that the East Kemptville mine would be profitable enough to stand on its own, the province was passing a bill enabling the company to accelerate depreciation of the mine when calculating profits for the purposes of taxation. McDonough says that without the recent drastic drop in world tin prices — tin that used to sell at a low of \$12,000 a ton is now selling around \$5,500 a ton — Rio Algom could have recouped its capital investment in about three years under the government’s arrangement. The decline in tin prices has led some to ask whether the mine will in fact continue to operate. Rio Algom says it will.

McDonough was a lone dissenting voice two years ago. Development Minister Rollie Thornhill was among those supporting the project. His department footed the bill for a \$15 million access road from Shelburne to East Kemptville over which Rio Algom expects to haul 4,500 metric tons of tin concentrate annually for the expected 17-year life of the mine.

Thornhill’s tone has changed since the mine went into production. In the legislature this spring he referred to the mine’s pollution problem, saying that it hasn’t been “our government’s finest hour.”

Privately he questions the ability of provincial experts to play in the same ball park with negotiators from multinational companies. “The situation has ensured that any other type of development contemplated in this area will be subject to the most severe scrutiny, and if we don’t have the expertise in our own department we’ll hire it independently.”

Many experts were involved in preparing the hefty eight-volume environmental impact study on which the province based its conditions and stipulations for the company’s permit to operate. The study underestimated by a factor of five the amount of kaolinite, or fine clay, present in the ore body — the material that went on to foul the river.

It’s a big mistake, one that leads Nickerson to wonder what other surprises might be in store. “If they missed this, just what else have they missed!”

During a public meeting in late April where 300 people from Yarmouth and Shelburne counties raised their voices in protest, questions were asked about radiation seepage into ground water or the river system. Company and government representatives scoffed at these fears. But residents do have some grounds for concern. Historically tin and uranium have been found side by side in Nova Scotia, and the company’s operating permit in fact requires testing for radioactivity. Nickerson says his association does not trust official tests and is now seeking independent analysis. “We’ve sent our own samples away for testing.”

The connection between uranium and tin has a lot of people worried. Rio Algom’s greatest source of earnings last year was generated from uranium mining ventures — operating profits from its uranium resources were listed at \$1.4 million in 1985. Until the provincial moratorium on uranium mining was imposed in the early 1980s Yarmouth County was the site of intensive exploration.

At the open meeting residents expressed another growing concern: that this is just the first of many mines through the centre of the province. Rio Algom officials say that no exploration is going on. The company’s claims in Halifax and Lunenburg counties were allowed to lapse last year. Despite official denials, a rumor is rampant in western Nova Scotia that a mine is planned for Shelburne County.

Fears that the interior of the western tip of the province — one of the last true wilderness areas in the province — will be opened up for mineral exploration has gained support for the association from people far beyond the boundaries of the Tuskent River. Nickerson says the pollution has been a rude awakening to the realities of living in a mining community. The protest has come from every segment of society and it stems, he says, from living in an area where people have traditionally valued the land. “If mines can operate a clean operation, we welcome them, but no mine is worth losing our heritage. It’s our river. It’s our land. We’re not about to let them destroy it.”

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The unions' powerful challenge

It was a spring of social unrest in Newfoundland as public service workers, enjoying wide support, forced the Peckford government to the wall. It's not over. An autumn of unrest could be on the way

by Peter Gard

Newfoundland is commonly viewed as having a docile and low-paid workforce. Low-paid, yes. Docile, no — as a 31-day illegal walkout by 5,500 provincial government employees this spring amply demonstrated, a walkout that at times threatened to widen into a general strike and which will have continuing repercussions.

Although the matter is still not settled, the perception is that the government of Premier Brian Peckford lost the confrontation. Its heavy-handed use of police power — including the seizure of notes and records from the union and various news media and the arrest of 126 peaceful picketers over a four-day period in mid-March — won the Newfoundland Association of Public Employees (NAPE) wide public support. Among those arrested were Bill Parsons, president of the Newfoundland Federation of Labour and Peter Fenwick, leader of the Newfoundland NDP. The strike, says Fenwick, brought about "a shift in the political landscape."

Under mounting public pressure, Peckford's government backed down on the outstanding point in contention: wage parity for workers doing similar jobs in different branches of government — a situation that had festered since wages were frozen in 1984 after some bargaining units had won substantial increases, leaving others behind.

On April 2, Peckford went on television in a conciliatory mood and promised wage parity in the hope of ending the strike. There would also be a contract, he said, following negotiations which would last, at most, "a day or two." The strike did end on April 7, but the contract didn't follow. The negotiations became drawn out and sporadic, with little progress on parity or other issues. Peckford, it seemed, was trying to back out of his promise.

The union also wants revisions to Bill 59 which, as it now stands, prevents provincial employees from bargaining effectively by requiring 50 per cent of the workers in any category to stay on the job in the event of a strike, to provide "essential services."

The union — Newfoundland's second largest, with 14,500 members — is talking about another illegal walkout in the fall if it gets no satisfaction.

A strike of this size in Newfoundland is not just a strike. It's a social movement

with political overtones. NAPE is united with a broad range of other unions and social groups which gathered under the name Coalition for Equality in 1984 in reaction to the wage freeze and Bill 59. The coalition includes the 20,000-member Newfoundland fishermen's union and the 9,000-member teachers' association, plus women's groups, religious groups and others.

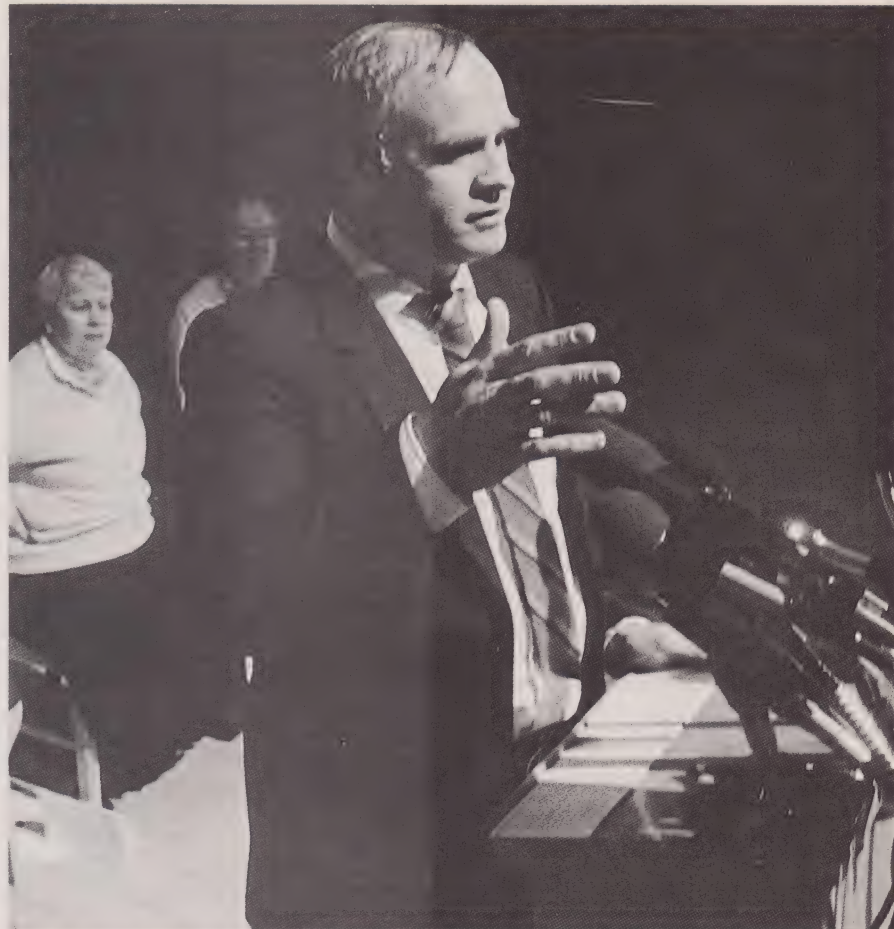
As opposed to the Maritimes, where trade unionism is weak, Newfoundland has the highest rate of unionization in Canada (43 per cent of the workforce compared to the national average of 37 per cent). Labor has often played a key role in politics. Joey Smallwood rose to prominence as a union organizer, and in 1971 a bitter strike by the province's teachers helped overthrow Smallwood in favor of Frank Moores and the Conservatives.

Behind the intransigence of Treasury

Board president Neil Windsor lies consternation over the fact that NAPE president Fraser March has bested the government in winning public sympathy. The government is also nervous over the likelihood that March will try to use Peckford's promise of wage parity to wrestle a large settlement this fall for a fresh rank of NAPE bargaining units. According to government figures, \$140 million in additional wage payments are at stake.

Fraser March's strategy is clear: higher wages, increased worker solidarity and a rescinding of Bill 59, which, since 1983, has hamstrung the public service union's ability to strike.

Peckford's labor strategy, in contrast, appears fuzzy. His clash with NAPE has been variously attributed to a personal animosity towards March, misplaced pugnacity and to deep divisions within his cabinet between populist-minded ministers and the St. John's-based "merchant" ministers like Windsor, Finance Minister John Collins, Petroleum Directorate Minister Bill Marshall and Mines and Energy Minister Jerry Dinn who have a stranglehold on the important economic portfolios. Peckford, who likes to play the populist outside the province and during elections, has in recent years drifted to the right in fiscal matters under the pressure of budgetary deficits, much to the delight of St. John's business circles.



Fraser March has bested the Newfoundland government in winning public sympathy

PETER GARD

Neil Windsor in Treasury Board is only the latest Conservative minister to play Marie Antoinette to the waiting hordes. What has distinguished Windsor's cost-cutting from that of his fellows is its political clumsiness.

Windsor played into the union's hands as soon as the strike began by threatening striking NAPE workers with 30-day suspensions. The move held up to ridicule the government's contention that NAPE workers were out illegally because they represented essential services. He was also reported to be one of the prime forces behind the decision to arrest workers picketing government offices. Repeated media coverage of RCMP officers carting hapless strikers into waiting black Marias, more than any other government act, swung public opinion firmly over to the side of the union.

March and other labor leaders were quick to capitalize on Windsor's bungled attempts to intimidate. Mass rallies and escalating walkouts culminated on March 24th with a meeting of 50 provincial union leaders, representing 60,000 Newfoundland and Labrador workers, who claimed to be planning a general strike. On March 25th the Liberal party joined the fray with a threat to hold up an interim supply bill unless the government returned to the bargaining table.

By the time Peckford and Windsor capitulated in early April, they found themselves face-to-face with a union elated by its sudden popularity and in little mood to dicker endlessly over minor contract differences.

The rapid disintegration of the Peckford administration's labor policy has many sources. In addition to Bill 59 and the wage freeze, which together motivated labor to enter the political fray on the opposition side, the sudden evaporation of Newfoundland's oil prospects this spring also had an effect. So did Peckford's increasing vulnerability to the charge that, as a populist, he has lost touch with his natural constituency, a suspicion which he confirmed by budgeting \$450,000 in renovations to his offices at a time of general restraint.

It has become increasingly apparent that the Peckford government's decision to ride roughshod over labor backfired. Bond holders in New York were satisfied, but at the cost of driving Newfoundland's increasingly militant and increasingly well organized unions into a state of open unrest.

Union leaders and opposition parties have not been slow to steal the match they see as theirs. March points to two bargaining units — general services, and maintenance and operational services — which "in the past have not been willing to demand of government their fair share. We have radicalized them to the point where they are no longer prepared to be second class citizens."

Adds Peter Fenwick of the NDP: "Something in the psyche of Newfoundlanders demands certain basic liberties and gets upset when they are taken away." ☒

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JIM CUETT

Father Eloi and his co-op shake up the funeral business

Neither life nor death will ever be the same again in Palmer Road, P.E.I. — not since the funeral co-op opened in the local church. The Island's funeral directors want it stopped

by Jim Cuett

Life in the tiny community of Palmer Road, near Tignish, P.E.I., will never be the same. Neither will death — not since Father Eloi Arsenault and a handful of parishioners opened a funeral parlor in the vestry of the Immaculate Conception Roman Catholic Church. Fed up with the high cost of dying, Father Eloi has established the first funeral co-operative in the region. In the process he's turned the local funeral industry upside-down.

"We figure we can have a funeral for about \$1,200," says Father Eloi with a warm, confident smile. "The same kind of service would cost in the vicinity of \$3,000 in an ordinary funeral home." In order to make that savings possible, the priest and church members converted a tiny basement closet into a complete embalming room. When one parishioner donated an old station wagon to be used as a hearse, and another built an elaborate three-wheeled cart to haul the deceased from the vestry to the graveyard nearby, the funeral co-op was complete. But the action was just beginning. The local funeral directors caught wind of it and went straight to the bishop.

"Sure we went to the bishop," conceded an indignant David Smith, President of the P.E.I. Funeral Directors and Embalmers Association. "Funeral homes

just don't belong in churches. They're offering a \$1,200 funeral... what do they have to offer? Just a home-made casket and a wake in the vestry. It's not proper at all."

But Bishop James MacDonald wouldn't intercede. In fact, Father Eloi says the bishop kind of liked the idea. "He's very supportive of the co-op movement because it will belong to the people." But there may be another reason that it appeals to the bishop. Father Eloi sees the scheme as more than just a way to save money. "We want to help people prepare for the death of a loved one in a spiritual way," the priest explains. "If you really believe in the Resurrection, you know very well that you don't need a guaranteed steel casket to put in the ground."

However, guaranteed steel caskets are the bread and butter of funeral directors these days. The association didn't stop with talking to the bishop. It also put pressure on Blair Crosby, a licensed embalmer who agreed to work for the new funeral co-op. The association called a meeting to discuss the threat of the alternative funeral plan and didn't invite Crosby. He got the impression they were trying to blacklist him.

The lobbying continued. Local suppliers of embalming equipment and paraphernalia heard about the goings-on in Palmer Road and agreed not to sell to the

new co-op. Father Eloi and his parish were forced to go all the way to Quebec for the necessary apparatus and supplies.

"There was a lot of opposition behind the scenes," comments Father Eloi. "We were ready for that and we expected it. After all, it's natural that they see their business threatened to a certain extent."

Threatened it is. Willard Mokler, head of the local Knights of Columbus, canvassed the community to sign up shareholders in the co-op. He was overwhelmed. Out of the total church membership of 500, he and his workers enlisted 350 members. Now, they're launching a campaign in nearby communities. "To become a member," explains Mokler, "you just have to buy a \$10 share. Once we're set up, the members will elect a board of directors and the Knights of Columbus will have done their job."

The Knights have done more than sign up members. They helped pay for the nearly \$4,500 worth of equipment in the embalming room, and they volunteered their time to fix it up. "The embalming table alone would have cost us \$1,200," says Father Eloi proudly. "It was built by two local men for less than \$150." The priest says at least 25 men helped paint the facility, put in cupboards, plumbing and electrical wiring. Even the caskets that will be used by the co-op are being hand-made in a nearby community.

"The support is tremendous," Father Eloi adds when asked if some parishioners are skeptical of the scheme. "Of all the houses we went to, not one said they were against it." And that doesn't surprise him one bit. "You have to face the reality of death. It's a lot more human to have a funeral in your own surroundings. The people in this area have been baptized here, received the sacraments here, and it's appropriate that they have their funeral in their own church. Why shouldn't they be looked after by their Christian brethren and family members?"

The idea is catching on. "At least four other parishes have contacted me," says Father Eloi. "They said they're interested in what's happening here. If it gets off the ground, they want to look into a co-op like this... perhaps they'll use our embalmer."

And he's confident it will have an effect on others in the province. "The funeral homes will have to start looking at their prices. Perhaps they'll bring them down a little."

People in rural communities all across the Island are watching Father Eloi's do-it-yourself funeral co-op very closely. In P.E.I. the co-op movement is strong. Lots of people shop in co-op grocery stores, use credit unions, sell fish and produce to co-operatives and even use co-op medical centres. While many predict a short life for the funeral co-op, there's no reason to think that those who live by co-ops won't also die by them. ☒

Threat of gas leaks is a big concern — except to Irving

The explosions in Saint John in April dramatized the threat of gasoline leaks from underground tanks. Most oil companies are willing to upgrade their tanks — but will Irving Oil co-operate?

by Richard Starr

The explosions that ripped through uptown Saint John one Saturday morning in April served as a stark reminder that gasoline, common as it is, is still one of the most hazardous substances around. The explosions destroyed four businesses and forced a two-day evacuation of 2,000 people. They occurred after gasoline leaked from a pipe connecting underground storage tanks to the pump island at an Irving Oil gas bar. The incident was spectacular, but it was not the first time that underground gasoline storage tanks — often Irving-owned — had caused problems in New Brunswick.

Just days after the Saint John incident, the New Brunswick Conservation Council, a Fredericton-based environmental lobby group, released a report called *Petroleum on Tap*. The council says leaking underground storage tanks "pose one of the most direct threats to environmental health in the '80s." But the council is worried that Irving, which dominates the petroleum market in New Brunswick, won't be part of the efforts to reduce that threat.

Although the Saint John explosions captured public attention, the threat to the quality of ground water, posed by defects in underwater petroleum storage tanks, is more common. Sixty-five per cent of New Brunswickers — and the majority of Atlantic Canadians — are dependent on this source for their drinking water. The leakage of a single litre of gasoline can make a million litres of ground water undrinkable for generations.

Improper installation and faulty connectors can cause leakage, but the big problem is with aging storage tanks. Until changes were made recently, gasoline was stored underground in steel tanks which tended to corrode after 15 or 20 years. Many of those old steel tanks are still in the ground, and in New Brunswick a lot of them are leaking. Since the environmental department started keeping track of complaints seven years ago, they've recorded 374 incidents of contamination by petroleum affecting 499 wells.

New Brunswick's situation is not unique. Similar incidents have occurred across North America. But in New Brunswick, the consequences often tend to linger. For example:

- In 1983, a leaking underground storage tank at an Irving gas bar in the Saint John

suburb of Fairvale, polluted the wells of 21 families. It took two years and an expenditure of at least \$500,000 by Irving and the provincial government before the problem was solved by piping in water from the nearby town of Rothesay.

- In Hillsborough, near Moncton, residents and businesses have been hauling water for nearly four years following the contamination of more than 20 wells by petroleum. An underground tank at an Irving gas bar was found to be leaking, along with several other abandoned or functional tanks.

- At Rogersville, in northeastern New Brunswick, environment officials found

Provinces and the Atlantic Petroleum Association, an industry group. For nearly two years they've been looking for solutions to the leaking storage tank problem. Task force co-chairman Edgar Bemister, Atlantic environmental co-ordinator for Esso Canada, says the task force favors a tank replacement program that will force companies to take storage tanks out of the ground — whether or not they're leaking — when they fail to meet certain standards because of their age and the quality of the surrounding soil. Bemister says Esso doesn't need to be forced: it's in year six of a seven-year tank replacement program. But legislation is needed because leaks "give the industry a black eye." And Bemister says operators who keep old tanks in the ground get a competitive advantage by avoiding the cost — up to \$50,000 — of tank replacement.

But the task force is doing its work without the participation of the biggest operator in the Maritimes: Irving Oil. Irving is not a member of the APA, has not participated in the discussions, and isn't saying whether it has a program to get old tanks out of the ground before they cause trouble.

"Either these rules have to apply to



Leaking petroleum storage tanks can result in water contamination and costly clean-ups

20 petroleum-contaminated wells in 1983, but couldn't pin down the source. Only three wells in the community now show any contamination — one well serves a private residence, one the local high school and one an Irving gas station.

New Brunswick regulates the installation and operation of underground storage tanks under the Fire Prevention Act. Since 1974, the province has required that tanks have corrosion protection, which will extend the life of the tanks to 50 or 60 years. But there's no legislation forcing oil companies or service station operators to remove older, leak-prone storage tanks.

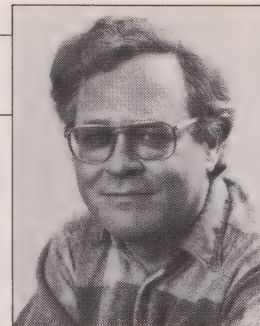
"It's a serious problem that we've got to do something about," says provincial environmental official Jim Haydon. He's co-chairman of a task force made up of representatives from the four Atlantic

everybody, or they apply to nobody," says Bemister, who acknowledges that provincial politicians might be reluctant to bring in tough new laws over strong objections from Irving.

Irving's attitude also worries David Coon of the New Brunswick Conservation Council. He says Esso and other major oil companies have started replacing their old tanks across the country, but Irving appears to be out of step. "Unless Irving follows the thrust of other companies in the industry with respect to replacement, we expect New Brunswick to be plagued by leaking underground storage tanks."

And given the high market penetration of Irving across the region, that's a concern which, to a lesser extent, the rest of Atlantic Canada may have to share with New Brunswick.

A reason to blush: or, how truth took a radiation bath



While denouncing the Soviet Union for its callous cover-up of the horrors at the Chernobyl nuclear plant in the Ukraine, the Western press demonstrated its cherished freedom of expression by spreading its own cloud of poisonous exaggerations about the damage the accident caused.

There's no doubt about the Soviet cover-up, and no doubt it was reprehensible. "Northern and Western European countries, confronted with drifting radioactivity from the Chernobyl nuclear reactor," Associated Press reported on May Day, "sharply criticized the Soviet Union for its secrecy about the calamity." By failing to warn neighboring countries, a Swedish paper complained, the Soviets "showed a nonchalance bordering on the unbelievable." An Austrian newspaper summed up the West's dismay when it said that "for two unbelievable days the Soviet Union left the world in the dark about the mishap near Kiev."

U.S. pundits had a field day arguing that — despite Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev's recent efforts to persuade the world the Soviet regime wanted openness and public debate — his government's news blackout during the Chernobyl disaster proved he was still part of the glum, suspicious, inhuman and stolid old system that brought him to power. "When the Soviet Union was faced with a major crisis," *Time* decided, "its leaders reacted in a historic defensive style. Rather than opening up to explain how the rest of the world could protect itself, Moscow built up a wall of silence that showed a contemptuous disregard for its neighbors."

All right. The Soviet Union's performance was indefensible. But how defensible was the West's journalism? Relying on reports from the Associated Press, Reuter and Observer news services, *The Globe and Mail* said on April 30, "A Soviet casualty report released yesterday said two people had been killed, but West German and Swedish nuclear experts fear thousands may have died..." Meanwhile, United Press International declared the accident had instantly killed 2,000 people, and stuck by the story.

On May 1, another wire-service round-up in *The Globe* said, "The statement that only two people had died in the accident continued to meet skepticism... Scientists fear thousands have died since a chemical explosion rocked the Chernobyl reactor..." Moreover, "A U.S. Senate official who attended a secret Central Intelligence Agency briefing said

U.S. intelligence estimates overall casualties at Chernobyl — dead and injured — may range between 2,000 and 3,000." Kenneth Adelman, opining from Washington, said Soviet claims of only two deaths were "frankly preposterous." Would a man defined as a "U.S. arms-control administrator" spout off without knowing what he was talking about?

Another day dawned. Now AP told us that, well, ah, when you came right down to it, many nuclear experts felt the U.S. government might just have "exaggerated the seriousness of the nuclear reactor accident in Chernobyl..." Indeed, the experts said, "Soviet claims that

The Western press was so anxious to spread terrible news . . . it sounded like Washington's pet propaganda machine

only two people died are entirely plausible." Two of the experts were Tom Cochran, a scientist with a U.S. environmental group called the Natural Resource Defense Council; and Alan Krass, an arms analyst with another U.S. outfit, the Union of Concerned Scientists. They said that, frankly, 2,000 deaths was a more preposterous number than two. Radioactivity, Krass explained, just doesn't kill that fast.

How come no one had told us that before? How come our television networks, sucked in by a Yugoslavian liar with a movie camera, were so eager to show us footage of a fire raging at Chernobyl when what the film actually showed was a burning cement factory in Italy? How come *our* media were so quick to spread not "a veritable mountain of lies" (Gorbachev's words) but certainly enough stupid inaccuracy to provide endless ammunition for the international brotherhood of creeps who hate the whole idea of a free press?

"Some people have an incentive for making it worse than it is," Alan Krass said, "just as the Soviets have an incentive to make it better. There's no way to keep these things out of the propaganda war." But a free press is supposed to be independent of propaganda wars. Every first-year journalism student knows that. Its champions boast that it provides such a flow of accurate, objective news, such a

deluge of *truth*, that it exposes propaganda as something twisted and manipulative.

But the Western press was so anxious to spread terrible — and terribly false — news about Chernobyl that, for a couple of days, it made itself sound not like an enemy of propaganda but like Washington's own pet propaganda machine. As Hans Blix put it, "You can always find some expert or even politician who will make alarming analyses, someone who will calculate casualties high." Blix is not a Russian. He's a Swede, and he's chief of the International Atomic Energy Agency.

When the Soviets complained about the West's coverage, the West's response was to dismiss the complaints as typical commie propaganda. AP said, "The government and its controlled media have launched their own public relations campaign — focusing on a report that 2,000 people were killed at Chernobyl — to accuse the Western media of spreading misinformation." But the Western media had spread misinformation.

Moreover, when this fact became irrefutable, their excuse was that the Soviet cover-up had somehow forced them to make mistakes. Even their own bungling was somehow all the fault of those nasty Reds. The *Toronto Star's* explanation was typical: "To be sure, some elements of the Western press were guilty of exaggerated and even hysterical reporting. . . . Notable in this respect was the UPI report that 2,000 people had been killed. But Western news agencies were merely filling a vacuum created by the official Soviet stonewall. . . ."

Well, I'm sorry, fellas, but I can't buy that. Turning two deaths into 2,000 is not "merely filling a vacuum," and by what journalistic principle do you use your inability to get the truth to justify spreading untruth? Blix, the Swede, said Western-style reporting in the Soviet Union "could well have resulted in much — and mostly unnecessary — panic." He also said, "The Soviet reporting was late, meagre but probably true. The Western reporting was fast, massive and often very misleading, notably in casualty figures. Can there not be anything in between?"

In short, a neutral authority of worldwide stature said that, when it came to reporting one of the grimmer stories of our time, Soviet propagandists — no matter how tardy they may have been — have proved themselves better at telling the truth than the free press of the Western world. Why weren't any of our guys blushing?

Fishing in the Pacific: a better life far from home

The British Columbia fishery is full of Atlantic Canadians. They went looking for the better life — more income, more security, good weather. They found it. But some still come back

by Valerie Mansour

Roger Foote, a Lockeport, N.S., native, offers his visitors a morning shot of rum in the cabin of his dragger the *Scotia Cape*. Foote and his seven-man, one-woman crew have just returned to Richmond, a Vancouver suburb, from a trip to the Charlotte Islands. On the wharf, fish plant workers unload a huge catch of perch. "Anyone who has put their mind to it are doing all right," says Foote. He once fished on draggers out of Halifax but moved to Prince Rupert in 1972. "I came here for the change — you know how it gets?"

Foote isn't the only one. There are no hard figures on the number of Atlantic fishermen on the west coast, but they appear to have practically taken over the dragger industry. "If you want to see a successful dragger on the west coast, you'll find he's from Newfoundland or Nova Scotia," says Leo Tarrant, origin-

ally from Newfoundland. Tarrant left home 26 years ago to fish in the Pacific. "I used to read in school about them kicking salmon off the dams in B.C." He found things weren't quite that good. "It took me nine months to get work. I spliced rope to get enough to eat." But Tarrant's fortunes improved and now, he says, he can fish with a smaller crew than in the east and make double the money.

Such prosperity is not universally common. In the 1970s, as many east coast fishermen migrated west, halibut prices were soaring — \$40,000 and \$50,000 could be made for seven or eight months work. The boom ended in the late '70s, with declining fish prices and tougher regulations. 1982 statistics listed the average net income for a full-time B.C. fisherman at \$11,500 — only slightly higher than on the Atlantic coast. But in the east incomes vary greatly, with earnings lowest in Labrador and northeast New-

foundland — sometimes as low as \$4,000 a year — and higher to the south. The Pacific coast still holds a drawing card: a steady income is almost guaranteed.

"With the right boat you can make a lot of money," says one B.C. fisherman, originally from Nova Scotia's south shore. "When you're introduced, people say, 'you're one of those rich fishermen.'" He went west in 1969 and fished for two summers before moving his family out. He says in the first four months he made \$9,000 more than in a whole year back east.

Louisbourg, N.S., fisherman Con Mills was employed by the United Fishermen and Allied Workers' Union (UFAWU) on the west coast in the 1970s. He also fished for a year in the herring industry — the "gold mine" as he calls it. Roe herring is a hundred million dollar industry in B.C. because of a huge guaranteed market in Japan. A B.C. fisherman gets more than twice as much as an east coast roe herring fisherman does for the same size catch. Since B.C.'s two top species, salmon and roe herring, command such high prices, Pacific fish landings account for 32 per cent of the value of fish landed in Canada, although they make up only 15 per cent of the quantity. The east coast industry, on the other hand, lands 82 per cent of Canada's fish, but in dollar terms it's worth only 62 per cent.

"Prices are better here but you have to work hard," says Al Marsden, who went west from Burgeo, Nfld., when he was 17. "I'm rarely 24 hours away from



Roger Foote (inset) took his dragger *Scotia Cape* with him from Nova Scotia when he went west. It's bigger than most on the B.C. coast

PHOTOS BY VALERIE MANSOUR

my boat." Marsden fishes ocean perch and herring and has a crew of three fellow Newfoundlanders, a Nova Scotian and a British Columbian. "I paid more in income tax here in the first year than my dad made working for the department of transport back home," says Marsden. He says he's under the impression that only the fish companies make big money in the east. "Here, 90 per cent of the fleet is owned independently," he adds. Marsden goes home to Newfoundland every two years and is convinced he's doing better than if he had stayed. "But maybe their lifestyle is more relaxed and happy," he admits.

A better income wasn't the only reason Atlantic fishermen headed west. Con Mills and about 20 others left Canso and Mulgrave, N.S., in the spring of 1971. They were blacklisted by the fishing companies after a 15-month Canso fishermen's strike. The UFAWU, the union the fishermen were struggling to have recognized in Canso, loaned them air fare and found jobs for them in B.C. Some stayed in the west but others would fish for a season then return east. Says Mills, "snowbirds, we'd call them — when the weather got bad in the east, they'd come back."

Mills, who's back fishing in Cape

Breton, says Atlantic fishermen do well out west because they're used to hard work. And he says the west coast offers more security. The UFAWU represents more than 6,000 fishermen and fish plant workers; a single dominant union in a fishery largely made up of immigrants supportive of unions. Jim Sinclair, assistant editor of the UFAWU newspaper, *The Fisherman*, says the union has the power to tie up 90 per cent of the industry.

Today the main battles are over technological change and health and safety on the boats, and this year the union negotiated the best roe prices since 1979. Labor on the east coast is more fragmented, with four separate unions, several small fishermen's associations and not much clout.

Mills says west coast fishermen also get more respect than their eastern counterparts. In B.C. "it's nothing for a plant manager to walk into a pub and sit down with fishermen" — something you don't see on the Atlantic shore, says Mills, where "you don't even get the skipper mixing with the fishermen. I don't know why — maybe the money is part of it."

"We're better off and we're better treated," concurs Leo Tarrant. "We're

self-made men — why not have respect?" Tarrant says the longer season and higher income have changed his life in many ways. If he'd stayed in Newfoundland, he says, he'd have nine children and would be on welfare. "Here I'm divorced and have no children. My wife used to say I was married to the boat and she was my mistress." Maybe she was right, Tarrant admits; his season starts in January and finishes in December.

Though the season is likely to be longer in the west, most say that technically fishing there is not much different than at home. Roger Foote, who fishes the whole coast — 70 hours up to the Alaska border — says the main differences are the small size of the boats and the better weather. "No ice to contend with," he says. Foote took his own boat with him, the 118-foot *Scotia Cape* and he says it's the second biggest dragger around. Foote usually fishes perch, but in the summer he goes after hake, cod, sole and pollock. Like most fishermen back on the east coast, he often doesn't know the price of his fish until he brings it in. For perch and rockfish he will get from 18 to 24 cents a pound. "We get 18 cents and a promise," he says with a chuckle.

One Nova Scotia fisherman thinks working on the west coast is "simply a lot nicer way of fishing." Because there are so many islands and inlets, he says, you can go for hours and still end up in a harbor. "In the east you go 100 miles off the coast, and that's it."

While some things differ, fishermen's complaints on both coasts sound the same. Foote says the quotas are too low. He finds it impossible to agree with the assessments of biologists on the state of the fish stocks. Regulations make it so hard, he says, you need a lawyer wherever you go. "If you over-fish what can ya do? They fine ya for dumping and they fine ya for going over the limit." Politicians are too far removed from the fishermen, according to Tarrant. "Fishing is a way of life, not a job."

There are fish plant workers from Atlantic Canada on the west coast too. Sharon Blinn, from Afton near Antigonish, N.S., headed west in 1980 with about a dozen others from her area. The Prince Rupert Fishermen's Co-op wanted filleters and were paying their fares to B.C. Good wages and a steady job were the attractions, says Blinn. Prince Rupert, a city of over 16,000 people up the coast from Vancouver, overflows with Atlantic expatriates. They find it friendly and more fun than back home. "I like the way of life here," says one fisherman from Nova Scotia. Adds Roger Foote: "There are east coast parties. We have a reputation of being a bit crazy. Others just shake their heads."

The influx of easterners has slowed down, but those who made the move intend to stay. "There's always a few new things to learn," says one. "But when it comes to brains, we've shown that we're good fishermen — we're better fishermen."



For fishermen Marsden and Tarrant in B.C. hard work pays off with "double the money"

Catherine McKinnon

A “stubborn Maritimer’s” sweet success

The “voice of an angel” of Singalong Jubilee days has matured. Today, with husband Don Harron, she has a stage career that embraces drama and comedy. She traces it all back to a Maritime sense of individuality

by Barbara MacAndrew

It's a sweltering summer night in Prince Edward Island and Valeda Drain Farquharson is prudishly overdressed. Staunchly decked out in gum boots, baggy sweater, a gingham housedress and an old felt hat, Valeda lumbers out from backstage, glares at the theatre audience and announces that she is “Mrs. Charlie Farquharson.” The crowd is quickly won over when Valeda demands equal time with her celebrated husband and begins to recite her peculiar brand of “pomes.” They would not guess, by looking, that the homely, tight-lipped Valeda is really Catherine McKinnon, performing in the musical comedy revue with her husband, Don Harron. “We’re having so much fun playing here, it should be illegal,” says McKinnon. “I don’t know what we’ll do when we grow up.”

During the revue — running from mid-July to late August — McKinnon sings ballads, folk, jazz and country numbers. As always, she includes her theme song, *Farewell to Nova Scotia*. “If I don’t sing it, they holler,” she says. At 41, Catherine McKinnon holds her special place in the hearts of Maritimers — a place she first captured in 1964, when she made a nation-wide hit recording with the powerful seafarer’s ballad. At that time folk music was at a peak. Maritimers were taking a new-found pride in home-grown talent, and that new pride was first lavished on Catherine McKinnon. “I



DAVID NICHOLS

Catherine as herself: a famous sense of humor lurks just behind the dimples and warm smile

remember in the early days, when she was doing the Don Messer show and *Singalong Jubilee*,” says one admirer, “I thought she was the definitive folksinger. She was the best.” Says another, “Catherine was the first to take Maritime folk music to all Canadians. That means a great deal to us.” Terry Fulmer, a former CBC producer who is now a partner in a video and TV production firm, watched

Singalong as a high school student. “Catherine had another song I remember,” he says, “where she would sit on the set with a spinning wheel. She won a lot of hearts with that spinning wheel.” She wasn’t the first Maritimer to cut a record album. But Fulmer remembers that in his home town, New Glasgow, N.S., “hers was the first Maritime album that people bought, the first one that was actually



Singalong Jubilee launched McKinnon's career



Catherine and her sister Patrician Ann performed together in the early '70s

played on the radio?"

More than 20 years later, McKinnon has endured. There have been hard times in her life — hardest of all was her sister, Patrician Ann's battle with Hodgkin's disease. And there have been disappointments. In the 1960s, when McKinnon and Anne Murray both appeared on *Singalong* each seem destined to be a star... a superstar, perhaps. Only one of them made it.

One former *Singalong* performer expresses a widely held view: "Catherine was equally talented, if not more so. But she wasn't as unique." The singer, her fans and her critics all agree that her sweet, clear voice — billed then as "the voice of an angel" — works best of all with folk. And folk seldom produces superstars. McKinnon took the usual steps, branching into different types of contemporary music. "It's very difficult," notes Halifax talent promoter Brookes Diamond, "for a singer of traditional music to make that transition." Success can depend on a break, such as an international hit record, that may or may not happen. Says Diamond: "Her *Snowbird* never came."

But Catherine McKinnon has built her own kind of success story, carving out a career which bridges singing, drama and comedy. She has relied on her own dedication, her love for her work, tireless energy and — especially useful in comedy roles — her famous sense of humor. "A sense of humor is a prerequisite to existence," says the vivacious, five-foot-two singer, dead-serious. "It's been my saving grace more than once."

McKinnon was born in Saint John, the middle child between brother René, now an airline sales representative, and younger sister "Trish" — Patrician Ann. She started singing in public at age five. "I was an army brat and my father, who was then with the medical corps in Shilo, Manitoba, put me on display there. Two years later, when we were stationed at CFB Churchill I was walking by the polar

bears to sing in the school and church choirs." Her first paying gig was at age seven, on the Uncle Bill radio show in Saint John. "My payment," she laughs, "was a jar of peanut butter." Her first TV spot was at age nine, with Patrician Ann, on CFPL London, Ont. Then the family moved to Halifax, which Catherine still thinks of as home. "Halifax was Daddy's last posting. He's buried there. My oldest friends are there." She went to a private school, Mount Saint Vincent Academy, and began formal music training. She competed in Kiwanis music festivals, winning scholarships each year from age 12, and she sang everywhere from the Charitable Irish Society to the Lions Club to the Knights of Columbus. A favorite time — very meaningful to her — was visiting a Halifax orphanage and home for unwed mothers to sing on Christmas day. "If they asked me to sing I would sing for them," she says... "anyone who asked. From the time I was in a high chair, I knew I wanted to be a singer."

Jim Bennet first met McKinnon when he was hosting *Hi Society*, a high school talent show televised from Halifax. The spunky young teen made an impression: "She knew where she was going, even then." A few years later, they worked together on *Singalong Jubilee*, the well-loved half-hour musical that began as a summer replacement for *Don Messer's Jubilee*. Bennet remembers her as very confident for her age. Marg Ashcroft, a member of the *Jubilee* chorus, was impressed with her maturity. "She was just a kid really, still a teenager. It all happened very fast for her — being a featured performer on a national TV show — and she took it in her stride." Ashcroft remembers McKinnon best, though, for her infectious laugh. "She had a tremendous laugh — still does — when you heard it you couldn't help but join in. She was always an instigator of a lot of good times."

During her first season on the show, McKinnon found the traditional sailor's lament, *Farewell to Nova Scotia*, which had been discovered by folklorist Dr. Helen Creighton. But she had a job convincing the show's producer, Manny Pittson, that she could sing the homesick sailor's ballad. "I brought it to *Singalong* rehearsals and Manny said, 'You can't sing that, it's a man's song.' But then, several nights later, when another song didn't work out too well, he said, 'why not try the Nova Scotia song you were talking about the other day?' I snapped, 'I can't do that. It's a man's song.' But I did sing it and the response was great. It was the last night of that 13-week *Singalong* series. And the next season I sang the song each night to close the show."

In 1966, McKinnon moved to Toronto. She often returned to Halifax to do spots on *Singalong*, but she also branched out in her career. She moved into professional theatre — pantomime and acting at the Playhouse in Fredericton. With two record albums under her belt, she began to work in other countries. She appeared on a list of BBC TV shows and, in Cyprus, she serenaded thousands of Canadian soldiers with *Farewell to Nova Scotia*. In unison, they sang it back to her. "It was something I'll always remember."

But the move to Toronto was difficult in ways. The first Christmas, she reached out for something familiar. She and Patrician Ann and Brian Ahern (who would be Patrician Ann's husband and later, Emmy Lou Harris' husband and a successful Nashville record producer) went to a Toronto hospital on Christmas Day to sing carols. Although the patients appeared pleased with the gesture, the nurses and other staff were not receptive. All in all, no one seemed to understand what they were doing there. "When I went home," says McKinnon, "I cried. I felt so stupid, like I had done something wrong. I thought, I'll never do that again."



GOULD JOHNSTON



DAVID NICHOLS

An audience is charmed at Confederation Centre

McKinnon and Harron have honed their personal and professional lives, apart and together

In the summer of 1966 McKinnon was a headliner at the P.E.I. Confederation Centre's after theatre cabaret club. Don Harron was there too, as an actor on the main stage and as playwright of *Anne of Green Gables*. "It was love at first sight," says an actor and longtime friend who was there when they met. "Catherine saw Don walk on stage in Mavor Moore's play, *The Ottawa Man*. Two hours later, Don saw Catherine walk on stage." Marg Ashcroft remembers the first time Harron — 20 years McKinnon's senior — came to pick her up at the *Singalong* studio. It was the end of the summer, and she was doing a spot on the show. "Don had just come back from the Island," says Ashcroft, "and Catherine was so excited to see him. I remember thinking, this seems to be a really good thing for Catherine." Two years later they were married between matinee and evening performances of a play in Chicago. "We got married in the Bath Room," says McKinnon. "Honestly, that was the name of the special reception room in the old Ambassador Hotel." It was a fitting beginning for a decidedly unconventional life together. "Our individual show dates made it necessary to conduct our honeymoon over the phone between Canada and the U.S." Their daughter Kelley arrived when McKinnon was performing in Trinidad.

Quick wit, and a sense of the absurd, is a family trademark. McKinnon relates a favorite story: "When Kelley was three, Donald bought his first car." She rolls her eyes in horror recalling his early times at the wheel. "I had been working on *The Wonder of it All*, the story of the Canadian artist Emily Carr. We asked Kelley what we should call Donald's new car. She answered, 'Emily Car, of course'." McKinnon says that Kelley, now 16, is "a marvellous storyteller, just like her father."

In the early years of their marriage, some say McKinnon was intimidated by her husband's talent and success. "Don

Harron was a larger-than-life figure," notes a mutual friend. She remains one of her husband's biggest fans. "He is miraculous. His talent for writing amazes me. To be able to sit seeing a blank page and write the way he does fills me with wonder."

McKinnon has worked hard to develop her career, to build her own image and goals, in addition to those she shares with Harron. In the late 1960s she toured cross-country with *Spring Thaw*, a satirical comedy revue. Next, she branched into musical theatre, including the role of Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz*, at the Rainbow Stage in Winnipeg. Viewers remember her very sensitive portrayal of Emily Carr in Norman Campbell's 90-minute CBC TV production, *The Wonder of it All*. "I read everything I could find about Emily Carr. And I feel I got to know her very well," says McKinnon. "I knew and understood her frustration and her courage to fight for what she believed in." Carol Pearson, a relative of Carr, lent the actress some of the artist's possessions. "There was a pewter brush holder; I wore her camisole. I felt very close to her spirit." In another memorable role — this one live for Theatre New Brunswick — McKinnon played a world-class cellist, stricken by multiple sclerosis at the peak of her career, in the drama *Duet for One*. Her TV appearances have included spots on the Irish Rovers specials and the Ryan's Fancy series. There was also her own show, *The River Inn*, produced by CTV in Toronto in 1971. But McKinnon prefers live performances. "Every time I go on stage I learn something new. It's this constant growth and challenge that fascinates me. With film and TV you often have a second shot, on stage you don't."

She says that her marriage to Harron has helped her to develop her talent for humor, both on stage and off. "I've been married to three people all these years," she laughs. "When I wake up in the morning I really don't know whether

I'll be greeted by Don Harron, Charlie Farquharson or Valerie Rosedale" — Rosedale is Charlie's high-brow cousin, a send-up of wealthy snobbery in Toronto, where the couple live most of the year. They both have fun with Valeda, who is, McKinnon explains, "a Drain on her father's side, while Charlie is a Boyle on his mother's side."

Friends sometimes worry about the couple's seemingly tireless dedication to career. They're always dashing around, a close friend observes, but it seems to work well for them. The marriage has been turbulent. "It's rare to see two theatrical egos survive on stage and in marriage," admits Harron. "But you get over those rough spots. Catherine and I cope well because of a keen respect for each other. We've honed our personal and professional lives, apart and together." Their agent, Paul Simmons says they are performing together more and more often. "The fact that they work so well together attests to a mellowing in their relationship. It's a rare thing... most people wouldn't survive as a couple." This year, McKinnon and Harron will celebrate their 17th wedding anniversary. In addition to their many performances as "Charlie and Valeda," they have worked together in the two-character comedy *Same Time Next Year* and many other shows, including W.O. Mitchell's *The Black Bonspiel of Wullie MacCrimmon*, at Neptune Theatre in Halifax this spring.

McKinnon says the hectic schedule gets to her at times but she sticks it out because of her "stubborn Maritime individuality." She explains: "People in Atlantic Canada develop their individuality and creativity because they have the space and environment conducive to do so. It is healthier here, in many ways. My life is a stressful life," says McKinnon, "but it's stimulating. I never know what's going to happen next, and I guess that's why I've stayed with it."

She has created a balance by remain-



BARRETT AND MACKEY



DAVID NICHOLS

Valeda Drain Farquharson: an alter ego

Catherine's career leaves little time for reflection. Her life is stressful but stimulating

ing faithful to old ties, in every aspect of her life. For example, the couple's housekeeper, Geraldine Leys, has been with them since Kelley was born. "She's afforded us the freedom to cope with careers and family," says McKinnon. "We are close and we are crazy. Even Gerry becomes a little nutty." McKinnon has also stayed with the firm that first handled her career when she was 21, Paul Simmons Management Inc., of Toronto. Says Simmons: "It's probably an all-time record in artist-management relationship."

"When your life is scattered you need a sense of roots, a sense of stability," says McKinnon, "because if you didn't have it I think you'd go mad. I think I'd go mad. It's like old friends," she adds. "You don't give up old friends who you trust and like. They're the same people who didn't laugh at any of your dreams when you started. You're together through the good times and the bad."

In the early '70s, Patrician Ann, four years younger than Catherine and then in her early 20s, developed Hodgkin's disease, the cancer that is often called "the best of the worst." For the McKinnons, it felt like the worst. "It's changed my outlook on life," says Catherine. "People didn't know how to deal with Trish, when she was going through it. No one wants to look at a young person like that... a person who should have everything. No one wants to look at someone like that and think about death. It threatens your mortality." For Catherine, the long ordeal brought a new appreciation of life and a deepened esteem for her sister. The two women are different in temperament; Patrician Ann has always been more reserved. Catherine remembers being with her sister in the hospital, during the first of her two lengthy battles with Hodgkin's, when the telephone rang. "Patrician was on *Singalong* then," Catherine explains. "It was the producer calling. Not Manny but a new guy they'd brought in from Toronto... he was call-

ing to say she was fired... he didn't want her dying on the show." McKinnon pauses. "I can honestly say that's the only person on earth I hate." Patrician, now in remission for the second time, has resumed her career and it is flourishing. Last year the two sisters and several other performers with ties to Nova Scotia got together for the stage and TV production of *Coast of Dreams*.

For Catherine, Patrician's illness sharpened a concern for health, and an affinity for causes, that began with her father. She describes him as having had a "great sense of humor. And he was a very giving person... he liked giving to others." A pharmacist by profession, the older McKinnon had learned first aid skills on the front lines in the Korean war. He was a favorite with neighborhood children who would come to him with their scrapes and bumps. Catherine's first direct involvement with a cause happened in the early '60s, when a cameraman on *Singalong* developed multiple sclerosis. The cast staged a benefit, *The Pirates of Penzance*, at a Halifax high school, and donated the proceeds to the MS Society of Canada. Through the years, McKinnon performed in benefits for many causes. Then she found that she was spreading herself too thin. Four years ago, she started focusing her efforts on MS, and is now a member of the board of directors and honorary chairperson of the MS Society of Canada. Karen Oxley, a close friend who started on *Singalong* the same time McKinnon did, suffers from MS.

When McKinnon isn't working, she likes to enjoy life, to get together with her friends — "to be crazy, to giggle with the girls." She also haunts second-hand stores and loves attending auctions.

She also likes working with young performers and, while playing in Halifax this spring, she held workshops at a nearby high school. "It was a thrill for me to work with the students," she says. "They

really wanted to learn. We started with learning how to breathe and I wondered if something this vital, but so basic, would go over with teenagers. But afterwards, one girl came up to me and said 'This was the best since I've been coming to these classes in four years.' That really made my day." She adds, "one of the towering male students was none other than the son of my old *Singalong Jubilee* days buddy (musician) Scott MacCulloch."

The familiar faces, and the places she loves, draw McKinnon back to the region. Six years ago, she and Harron bought a summer home in Prince Edward Island — an older, two-bedroom Cape Cod style cottage near Cavendish with a pine kitchen and a bay window overlooking the ocean. "It feels like home," she says. "We love it more than anyplace else in the world." McKinnon also has a "summer car," a red convertible '62 Ford Galaxy with a white top, in which she bombs around the Island. All year long, she says, the thought of the P.E.I. cottage saves their sanity. "Although some folks might say our sanity hasn't been saved," she says, "coming here slices through all the stress and b.s." She grins: "Last summer we didn't have a disagreement."

Reflecting on her career, McKinnon says she always wanted to be on Broadway. "But I won't be on Broadway," she adds. "I tried. I had an agent in New York. But he finally said, 'forget it Catherine, there are just too many others.' Your goals keep changing," she adds, "as you go along new things come up that are every bit as thrilling and exciting. I'm a very lucky person — I am paid to do something I love." What would she like to do next? A character role in a movie, she says. McKinnon looks out at the sea. "I would like to be able to look at myself, when this is all over, and say I gave it my best shot. I don't want to say, 'Gee, I wish I'd done that.' I'm a risk-taker. I'd rather fail at times, than to say 'I wish I'd tried it'."

The fossils

Long known as a treasure trove of fossils, a new (and politically controversial) discovery of dinosaur bones has made the Bay of Fundy a paleontological site of worldwide importance

by Harry Thurston

April 10, 1984, was a typically cold, windy Maritime spring day. Parrsboro, N.S., rock and mineral specialist Eldon George was on his four-wheel all-terrain vehicle cruising the shoreline of the Minas Basin near Parrsboro. He stopped in the lee of an outcropping to get out of the wind. As he stooped over the buggy to warm his hands, inconspicuous imprints in the red sandstone caught his expert eye. "My God, those look like tracks," he said to himself. He scraped away some loose sand with his hand, then went to work with a jackknife. Another then another track revealed itself. "All of a sudden I wasn't cold anymore," he recalled as he proudly displayed the slab at his Parrsboro Rock and Mineral Shop.

The 16-by-14-inch block of pale sandstone is crisscrossed by five tiny trackways, as if the creature had been practising a dance step. The three-toed footprints

are so perfectly preserved that even the digits, footpads and claw marks are clearly visible. What is most remarkable is that they are no bigger than a penny. Now recognized as the world's smallest dinosaur footprints, they were made by a creature the size of a sparrow.

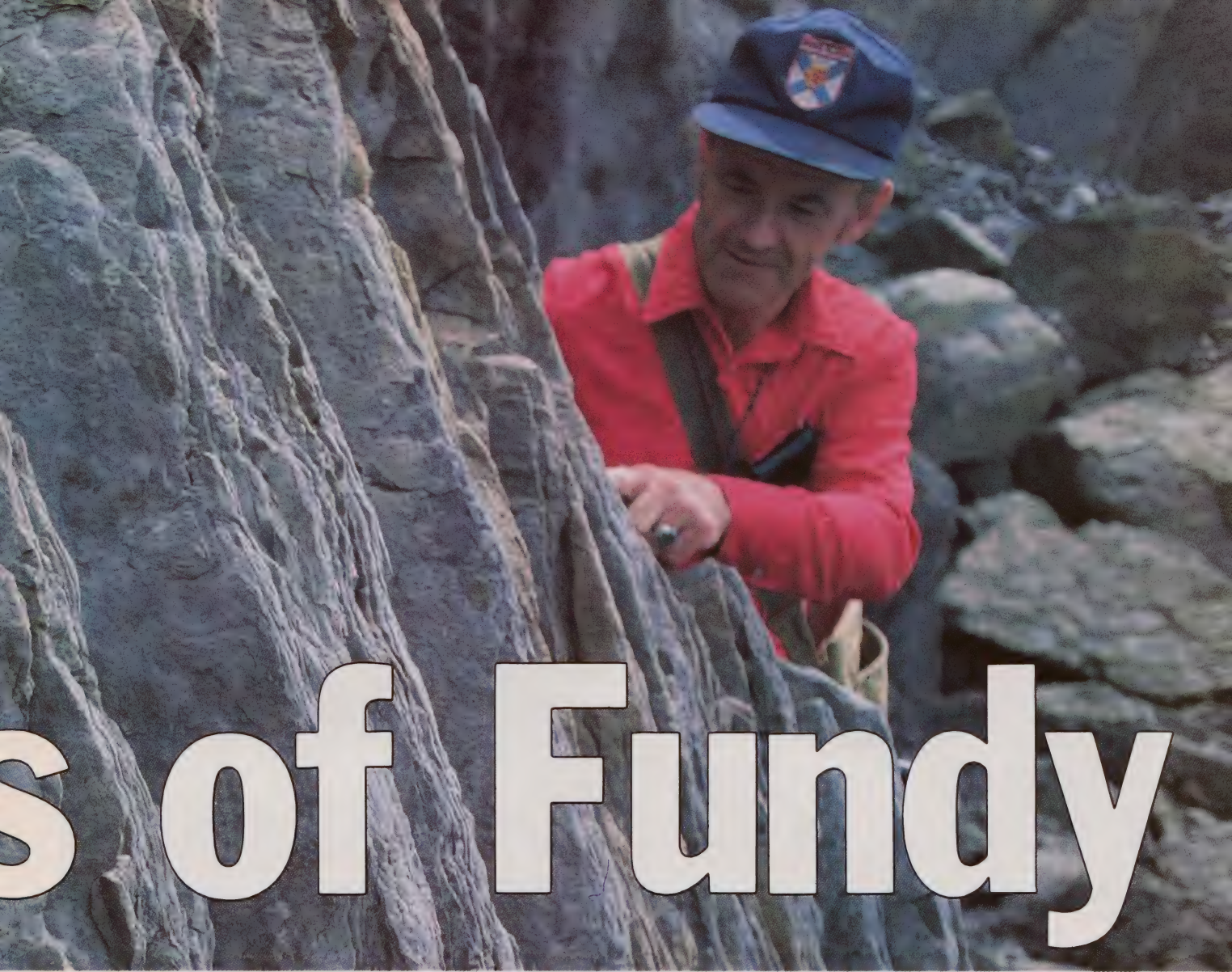
The tiny footprints are part of an unrivalled trove of fossils uncovered near Parrsboro in the last two years which has established once and for all the reputation of the Bay of Fundy as a paleontological site of worldwide importance. Only a few hundred yards away from George's discovery along Mackay Head, and at roughly the same time, the American team of Dr. Paul Olsen of Columbia University and Neil Shubin of Harvard found more than 100,000 bones and countless footprints. It was the largest fossil find in North America from the Triassic-Jurassic period, 225 to 175 million years ago.

The bones were mostly small, pencil

to fingernail size, and varied from complete skulls to unrecognizable fragments. The footprints also varied in size from Eldon George's tiny tracks to 18-inch prints that may have been made by a long-legged ancestor of the crocodile with cheetah speed, the head of a dinosaur and a mouthful of curved, serrated teeth. Of all the bones the most important were 13 complete skulls of a very rare mammal-like reptile called a *Trithelodont*. It was the closest reptilian relative to mammals, probably looked more like a rat than a lizard, and may even have had hair and suckled its young. Ultimately, says Olsen, "these may provide some real information about the origin of mammals." There was also fossil evidence of salamanders, frogs, amphibians and fish.

"This sort of abundance and degree of preservation came as a total shock," Olsen says. "We looked over the same rocks for years without actually making the discovery."

For Olsen personally, it was the payoff for ten summers of often frustrating fossil hunting. He arrived here first in 1970 on the advice of another paleontologist, Donald Baird of Princeton University,



S of Fundy

who had collected extensively during the 1960s and '70s in the Minas Basin, which forms part of the head of the Bay of Fundy.

Olsen's triumph, however, was touched by controversy. The January announcement was made in Washington by the sponsoring National Geographic Society, a fact which drew some negative comment in Canada. The nationalist feelings were further inflamed when it was learned that the fossils had been removed to the United States for study without a federal permit required for export of culturally important material. The group did possess a legal permit from the Nova Scotia Museum but the requisite federal permit was granted retroactively only after the significance of the find was acknowledged. Most of the material will be returned to Nova Scotia within three to five years, and permanent displays will be shared between the Nova Scotia Museum in Halifax and the Parrsboro Geological Museum.

To those who wonder why Canadians aren't doing such work, Bob Grantham, geology curator at the Nova Scotia Museum, answers that, simply, there's no money for basic paleontological research

from either federal or provincial sources. On top of that, there are only eight vertebrate paleontologists in the entire country. Grantham says that the museum could get more involved with collecting and preparing material — the technique is painstaking but not complicated — but that in the end "we wouldn't know what we're looking at. It all would have to go to the experts for study. . . It wouldn't be the intellectual endeavor, which is where the real benefits are.

"As it stands now, I'm happy to have them come in, collect, prepare, study and publish, and we end up with the material," concludes Grantham.

Fossil collectors have been attracted to the Bay of Fundy since the 19th century by the excellent shoreline exposures — and many have been rewarded. The earliest terrestrial vertebrate bones were found inside the trunk of a 350-million-year-old petrified tree in Joggins, on the shore of the Cumberland Basin, in 1852. Parrsboro itself was the site of some excitement in 1903 when the National Museum made plaster casts of a set of 108 large amphibian footprints exposed on rock layers that rise up like book pages

Eldon George claims he knows the Fundy coastline better than anyone

at East Bay, a few miles from this Minas Basin community of 1,200.

The Bay of Fundy occupies an ancient rift valley that was formed when the North American and African continental plates began to drift apart 200 million years ago. Fundy is only one of many sedimentary basins in a much larger geological formation which stretches from Nova Scotia to South Carolina. It's mostly covered by forest elsewhere, but in the Bay of Fundy the famous 50-foot tides have conveniently eroded a window into the world of 200 million years ago.

Nova Scotia was then near the equator. The extreme climate, with alternating hot, dry spells and rainy seasons, created large seasonal lakes over the area which is now the bay. As today, there were vast, sticky mudflats, which were ideal for the preservation of footprints. The Cobequid mountains were then much higher and poured sediment into the basin, where it covered and preserved the tracks. Also, vast sand dunes, lava lakes, cliffs and river channels provided a variety of habitats, and ultimately, a variety of places for

PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER



Amphibian tracks found along Mackay Head in 1984 may provide valuable information about the origin of mammals

Triassic and Jurassic creatures to meet their demise.

Olsen's discovery of their remains fulfilled his professional dreams. His normal boyhood fascination with dinosaurs was transformed into a lifelong passion when a fellow high school student identified a dinosaur print in a quarry near his home in Roseland, New Jersey. Olsen and a friend subsequently uncovered many other footprints and bones, and their efforts led to the establishment of that state's Riker Hill Dinosaur Park.

At 32, Olsen is acknowledged as North America's leading authority on the "Triassic-Jurassic boundary," a threshold in geological time across which half the world's creatures never made it.

The Bay of Fundy offers a unique opportunity to study what occurred at this critical juncture in earth history, because Triassic sandstones are exposed on the south shore of Minas Basin and there are Jurassic sediments on the north shore. Bones and footprints are found in sediments of both ages — a condition necessary for purposes of comparison that is not found elsewhere.

The Triassic period, which began about 240 million years ago, was dominated by land reptiles. The first dinosaurs appeared near the end of that period. Then suddenly,

210 million years ago, many Triassic creatures disappeared. This paved the way for the ascendancy of the dinosaurs during the Jurassic period, which opened 200 million years ago. The abundant and diverse Fundy trackways indicate that there was a proliferation of dinosaur types during the early Jurassic. Most, however, were relatively small: turkey to ostrich size, down to the tiny sparrow-size specimen that Olsen jokes must have been "a real terror to ants." Their small size indicates that many may have been warm-blooded like modern birds.

I first met Olsen in the fall of 1984 on the north shore of the Minas Basin near Two Islands. He had flown in from New York specifically to identify what everyone thought were, at three feet, the world's largest dinosaur tracks. They proved to be nothing more than "fluvial flutes," relics of fast running water. But Olsen's enthusiasm for Fundy's paleontological potential was obviously undaunted by this one disappointment.

"There's really nothing to match it in the world where you get such high quality footprints and bones in the same place. It just doesn't happen elsewhere," he said at the time.

We were looking across the brown choppy Minas waters toward the red

Triassic bluff of Blomidon. "This is the only place where you can see the change in the animal assemblage through that critical time when dinosaurs began to rule the earth. On the other shore, they didn't rule the earth yet, and here, they do. What's really exciting is that sometime in between a little event happened about 500 miles northwest of here."

That "little event" was an asteroid hurtling into the earth with a force equal to 10,000 times the world's entire nuclear arsenal. It produced the 70-kilometre wide Manicouagan crater in northern Quebec.

The father and son team of Luis W. and Walter Alvarez of the University of California, Berkeley, first proposed an asteroid impact as the cause of the mass extinction of the dinosaurs 65 million years ago. They theorized that the impact threw enough dust into the atmosphere to obscure the sun for several years. The problem with the Alvarez theory was that there was no known impact crater dated to the time of that extinction. However, the Manicouagan crater is dated at 210 million years ago, roughly the time of the earlier mass extinction at the Triassic-Jurassic boundary.

On the shores of the Minas Basin Olsen and Shubin have found strong fossil evidence for an extinction event. Forty-

three per cent of the creatures found in Triassic sediments on one side are absent from later Jurassic age rocks on the other side and no new families of animals appear. Major groups vanished, among them some of the most exotic animals ever to walk the face of the earth. One of these was surely *Hypsognathus*, of which Olsen has found fossils on Paddy's Island near Wolfville. It was the size of a large turtle, with a broad head surrounded by bristling horns. Its eyes were enormous and keyhole shaped — and it had a well-developed third eye in the middle of its forehead. To complete its overall eccentricity, it was buck-toothed.

What survived were the mammals, crocodiles (some of which were sabre-toothed), turtles, frogs, salamanders, the dinosaurs and the mammal-like reptiles. "The major Triassic extinction occurred probably no more than a hundred thousand years before this assemblage was preserved. These are the survivors of the extinction right here," Olsen maintains.

Bones have been found concentrated in river channels and along ancient lake shores and in basalt fissures, where creatures either fell or were dragged to become predators' dinner.

Neil Shubin, who specializes in micro-vertebrate fossils (small bones from small creatures) discovered the first significant Fundy bone bed. He describes it as "brown rock splattered with bone — it looked like Rocky Road ice cream."

To the uninitiated, however, it would appear barren of bone. I spent an afternoon in August 1985 picking through a bone quarry at Wasson's Bluff. Once I knew where to look, I was able to identify bone bits. Olsen demonstrated how easily some samples are prepared by popping a piece of the fossiliferous mudstone into his mouth. After rotating his tongue, in the way you would if you had something unpleasant in your mouth, he delicately spit out a tiny, 200-million-year-old crocodile plate. In four hours, we collected a small vial of bone fragments.

However, most of the bone is neither so easy to identify nor to prepare. At the end of last year's field season, the team removed three tons of rock — equal in volume to three office chairs — to Harvard for further study. In April 1986, after months of preparation with carbide needles and diamond blades, a two-centimetre piece of upper jaw with seven teeth, was recovered from one piece of the rubble. Olsen believes that it belonged to a carnivorous, bird-like dinosaur, *Coelophysis*, and that it was this creature that probably made the footprints found by Eldon George.

As with all major finds of this kind, there's a problem protecting the site. Soon after the scientists returned to the U.S. last summer it was vandalized with a front-end loader, according to Shubin, "either by a professional or an amateur who knew what they were doing."

Under the Special Places Protection Act the RCMP can seize any fossil collected without a permit from the Nova



Paul Olsen's boyhood fascination for dinosaurs became a lifelong passion for fossil hunting

Scotia Museum and the collector is liable for a maximum \$1,000 fine. Grantham emphasizes that this is a last resort only and, in practice, they have no patrol mechanism to enforce it. He feels that his best defence is to educate the public to respect the prime site, which is no bigger than a bungalow. The Parrsboro town council has organized a fossil promotion committee to produce a brochure for the influx of tourists expected to the area because of worldwide press coverage of the find.

Still, amateur fossil collectors concern Bob Grantham: "I'm worried about uninformed collectors, people who would like to have a piece of this discovery but really don't know what they're looking for. They will end up destroying the site, looking for good material that really doesn't exist until you prepare it under a microscope, which is three months work for each piece you get."

Beyond tourism the economic gains

to Nova Scotians may not be many. But the Parrsboro discovery has already benefited humanity. It has given us an insight into the dawning era of the dinosaurs when the landscape was dominated by lilliputians rather than the terrible lizards of later fame. And it holds out a good chance to throw light on the extinctions of the past — events that may prove to be more relevant for us than we think in this nuclear age.

One Nova Scotian who plans to continue playing a part in the quest is Eldon George. He claims, with some justification, that he knows the Fundy coastline better than anyone else. Even though Eldon has collected minerals and fossils most of his life, he, too, has become more appreciative of his natural heritage. "I always had my eyes open for fossils, even 25 or 30 years ago," he told me. "But they had to be nice ones or I walked by them, where now, I stop and take a second look."

OLKS

Guided misdirection" is the slogan of **Don Copeland**, a Penniac, N.B., toymaker and jokester who plies his trade at Fredericton's Boyce Market every Saturday morning. Leaning over the table of his market stall, his bright blue eyes twinkle as he hoodwinks another eager victim. While he rubs a piece of one-eighth-inch dowel over a notched hyu-gho (you-go) stick, making the mysteriously painted propeller on the end of the stick

Copeland makes toys that trick and intrigue children of all ages

twirl, Copeland tells a yarn about how Haida fathers of old invented the hyu-gho to teach their sons concentration. By "willpower" he makes the propeller turn clockwise, then counterclockwise. So far, not even Premier Richard Hatfield has mastered Haida "mind over matter." At last, Copeland confesses that it is a trick and shows the customer — who by now cannot bear to leave without a hyu-gho — how it works. Copeland describes another gadget, the "maritime bullet," as "an exercise in frustration." Using "guided misdirection," he distracts the customer while supposedly hooking a rubber band inside a tube. When he passes it over, saying "here, you try it," frustration sets in: the maritime bullet hooks victims, but it will never actually hook the elastic. Copeland, who works during the week as a wholesaler of knives and nylon goods, invents many of his toys and tricks himself. Others, like the hyu-gho stick, were discovered on his travels. Years ago, in Vancouver, he traded a rope trick for the hyu-gho. Laughingly, he compares himself to "a typical travelling salesman. I impress 'em with the quality of the goods and then I dazzle 'em with a trick!" His newest creations are models of "guided misdirection" — the detailed planting instructions on a packet of ten Donut Seeds certainly make one look at the breakfast cereal, Cheerios, in a new light, at least for a moment. His latest craze will rope in more innocents — wild cucumber pods with an unlikely label: Porcupine Eggs.

Edward MacMurdo of Kensington, P.E.I., is probably Canada's oldest licensed driver. At 100 years old, he's the envy of the local seniors home where his neighbors often ask him for a lift. MacMurdo, who turned 100 last winter, has



JIM CUELT

At 100, MacMurdo has never been ticketed been driving for so long that he can't remember when he first started, but he thinks he had one of the earliest automobiles on the Island. "When did they get cars here?" he asks, trying to recall his first time behind the wheel. The secret of MacMurdo's long driving career becomes clear after sitting in the passenger's seat of his 1973 Toyota for a tour of his neighborhood. He never drives over 40 kph and never goes out after dark. That pays off... not only is he the oldest driver around, he's also never been ticketed in his life. How long will Edward MacMurdo keep on driving? He pauses, puts his finger on his chin, and scolds mildly. "Such a question... such a question." And then with a twinkle he asks a question of his own. "Can you tell me how long you'll be driving?"



GEORGE GAMMON

Running a business from home is no longer unusual — unless home happens to be a sailboat berthed in Halifax Harbour. **Linda Furlong**, 28, has started a public relations firm aboard the *Highland Heart*, tied up near the Dartmouth ferry terminal. Furlong and her husband, **Craig**, a Newfoundland native and flight commander at nearby CFB Shearwater, have lived on the 36-foot, cutter-rigged, Baddeck, N.S.-built boat for the past two years. President and creative director of Insight Communications, Furlong admits that it's tight quarters but everything's as streamlined as the boat is seaworthy. "I don't need a glitzy office to keep a filing cabinet, a computer or a receptionist to answer the phone," says the Newport, Rhode Island native. Furlong drums up business below deck from her three-by-four foot office — a teak navigation table with a telephone, electronic typewriter and answering machine. It may be small, but the overhead is low. The couple pays \$50 a month to tie up the *Highland Heart*. Linda Furlong's unconventional office suits her customized approach to marketing an image for her clients. "I want to go beyond paint-by-numbers



Chaddock and the wild horses of Sable Island raise UNICEF funds

public relations," she says. Formerly a public relations officer with the U.S. air force, Furlong has also been an account executive with a Halifax-based PR firm, where she worked with clients in gold mining, dentistry and exporting. What's known as a "live-aboard," in seafarer's lingo, Furlong knows where everything is kept in the hand-crafted cabin. There are little inconveniences, such as squeezing her wardrobe into a downsized broom closet and plugging in only the kettle or the toaster at one time. But however the business winds blow, Furlong has a built-in fringe benefit: "We can be out sailing in less than an hour with everything stowed and rigged."

In 1967, **Al Chaddock**, a young Halifax artist, was sitting on a dock at Lobito, in what was then the Portuguese colony of Angola. It was during the long period of nationalist struggle for independence from colonial rule, and Chaddock recalls that the official government newspapers were claiming that 20,000 insurgents had been killed that week. "I was reading the life and thoughts of Albert Schweitzer, and the idea came to me that art should be of service to life." This year, Chaddock, now age 37, has been able to make his idea a reality: one of his paintings was chosen to illustrate a UNICEF card. The charity, dedicated to the well-being of the world's children, hopes to raise \$750,000 from the sale of half a million copies of the card. (For every \$1 raised through card sales, the Canadian government donates \$1, and the recipient country also has to contribute \$1 in labor, goods or services.) The painting, called "Late Spring, Sable Island," depicts a group of the

island's wild horses clustered around a foal. "The Sable Island horses are a part of our culture," he says. "They were originally the Acadians' horses that were taken from them and put on Sable Island to breed and be sold, and were then abandoned." Sable Island is also the centre for offshore oil exploration and "is one of the last vestiges of our natural Maritime ecosystem." Chaddock did the painting — the first by a Nova Scotian to be chosen for a UNICEF card — after spending two weeks on Sable Island. He's happy about the card because it's raising a lot of money for a humanitarian cause. The card can be bought through any Canadian

UNICEF outlet — there is one in each Atlantic Canada capital. Chaddock donated the copyright to UNICEF, and his wife, Debra, owns the original painting.

When **Joe McGuire**, a history teacher at Woodstock High School, started running in 1977, he just wanted to get back in shape. Today, the 42-year-old New Brunswick native is one of the best marathoners in the Maritimes. McGuire, who had been an athlete in high school, found himself smoking too much and carrying around 15 pounds he didn't need. "I was a bit self-conscious," he recalls. "So I started out running on the golf course at night." Before long McGuire discovered that he had a knack for long-distance running. He entered his first race — Fredericton's Heart Marathon — in 1978 and finished in two hours and 52 minutes. That was good enough for second place and marks the only time he has failed to place first in a 26-mile marathon in the Maritimes. Since then, he has run in another 22 distance races, including six times in the famed Boston Marathon. In 1985 he won the seniors division — for runners from 40-49 — in Boston, clocking in at just over 2:29. This year, with almost half the more than 4,000 participants running in the seniors category, McGuire lost his title, finishing eighth in a time of 2:30:48. But that was good enough to earn him 70th place overall, and third among Canadians in the race. Although he likes the competition, the running's the main thing for Joe McGuire. He and his wife Ginette (who ran the Boston Marathon in 3:40 in 1985), train by running 50 miles a week in the

winter and 70 miles a week in the warmer weather. "I intend to stay with it as long as I can for the physical and psychological satisfaction I get out of it," he says.

Nobody likes the weatherman, especially in Newfoundland where it's not unusual to have all four seasons in one day. But this doesn't bother St. John's native **Harold Janes**, the officer in charge of the St. John's weather office which handles a million calls a year, and is the busiest weather office in Canada. Janes was recently honored in a special ceremony for 25 years of dedicated weather service. He was presented with a plaque on behalf of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney by his peers in Environment Canada. Janes began his career in the weather service in 1961 as an apprentice in Gander. He stayed there until 1964 and then worked with the ice reconnaissance branch of Environment Canada which patrols the Arctic. He then went to Ottawa, Fredericton, St. John's and Goose Bay, returning to St. John's in 1971 where he eventually became officer in charge. The job, he says, is "interesting and as variable as you want to make it." He's had his share of unusual experiences like helping the Dutch balloonists who attempted to cross the Atlantic in 1985. The office uses electronic aids such as satellite



Janes: 25 years predicting fog and rain

imagery-producing machines and radar to provide weather information for St. John's. When technology fails, says Janes, "we can go back to the manual weather instruments. They are as accurate but not as fast." Speed is a factor and Janes says a recent computer hook-up to the Newfoundland weather centre in Gander has made the system "five times faster." But there are still errors in forecasting and the public still complains. Janes shrugs it off. "Newfoundland is one of the hardest places in Canada to accurately predict the weather for," he says. "The task is to analyse the earth's atmosphere — quite a challenge by any standard."

Bringing the Maritimes' first language back from the brink

Micmac, like most native languages of Canada, is at risk of extinction. New programs are being set up to save it, but the erosion of the language is far advanced

by Susan MacPhee

It took thousands of years for the Micmac language to develop, yet it could be wiped out in one generation? That, Roger Hunka adds with urgency, "would be a terrible thing."

Hunka is an official with the Native Council of Nova Scotia, which has recently developed *Wlteskuk nikmaq aqq nitapq* ("meet my family and friends") — a teaching kit for Micmac as a second language. It's one of a number of programs set up through the region and the country to halt the disintegration of native languages. But that's a tall order. For the Micmacs, "the extent of the assimilation is frightening," says Noel Knockwood, education officer with the Union of Nova Scotia Indians, which represents status Indians (the Native Council represents Métis and non-status Indians).

There are fewer than 5,000 speakers of the Micmac language — most of them in the Maritimes, with a few more in Newfoundland, Quebec and the state of Maine — out of a total Micmac population of about 30,000.

Of Canada's 53 indigenous languages, only three — Cree, Inuktitut and Ojibwa — have "an excellent chance at survival," according to a 1982 report by the National Museum of Man, which also said that eight were on the verge of extinction, 29 were "deteriorating rapidly" and 13 were "moderately endangered," including Micmac. Even worse off than Micmac is the Maritimes' other native language, Maliseet, of which there are only some 1,200 speakers left in the Maritimes and Maine.

Micmac is still the first language on some of the more isolated reserves, in Cape Breton and northern New Brunswick. Although the language is under siege there too, these reserves are providing encouragement for others to learn the language. Viola Robinson, president of the Native Council of Nova Scotia says when "you go to a meeting where you meet up with a group from Cape Breton and they're all speaking Micmac and they look at you and ask 'Do you speak Micmac?' and you say 'Well, no'... Right away, you know that doesn't sit too well." That situation "has created a lot of awareness in our people" of the need to reinforce the language, says Robinson.

But so far the availability of Micmac courses has been uneven across the region,

with no overall plan as such.

Language instruction, however, has been a priority of the Native Council of Nova Scotia since its inception in 1975, on advice from its members throughout the province. But it wasn't until three years ago that the resources to actually do something about it became available. Roger Hunka, who is program development officer, says materials have always been available — tapes, documents, songs and so forth — but "nothing that a person could put their hands on and say, 'I just want to pick it up and learn it.'" It's only during the last three years that the Secretary of State has allocated some funds for native language preservation, making it possible for groups like the Native Council to bring the materials together into teachable programs.



Teaching Micmac: an oral approach

The *Wlteskuk nikmaq aqq nitapq* teaching kit began with a survey in 1983. Theresa Martin, program coordinator, says there was a lot of research to do before getting started. "Basically, we had a questionnaire sent out — to people, schools, universities — to determine exactly what was available — the people who could speak the language, the potential teachers and the available facilities where people could use the series."

The greatest need was to develop materials that would take a listening and speaking approach, rather than a reading and writing one. The group decided to gear their materials to teaching Micmac as a second language so it would be useful to a maximum number of people. As Hunka points out, "It can be used as a reference work for those who already speak the language, to refresh it or expand

what they have, as well as for those who are starting at the beginning with a teacher."

The kit, which contains a workbook and three 90-minute tapes, took two and a half years to produce. Micmac speakers and academic advisors from all over the region took part. When the first copies of the initial run of 1,000 rolled off the press last February, they were in demand not only from the Native Council's membership, but from schools, native friendship centres, universities — especially Memorial University in St. John's, which has the only linguistic studies program in the Atlantic provinces — and other groups, both native and non-native, all over the region.

Robert Leavitt, a professor at the Micmac/Maliseet Institute at the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton is impressed by the kit. He also points to other programs in the region, such as at the Maria reserve near Dalhousie, N.B., where elementary school instruction is in Micmac, with French introduced at Grade 2 level and English in Grade 5. In N.B. School District 38 at Campbellton, Micmac students from the Restigouche reserve can take Micmac instruction four times every six days. Leavitt, coordinator of curriculum development at the institute, helped develop *Let's Speak Micmac*, a program with six levels of instruction being used in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. At the Eskasoni reserve in Cape Breton, a curriculum is being prepared for grades kindergarten through nine. "There's actually quite a bit going on," says Leavitt, but the Native Council program "is different in that all the other curricula have been aimed at children... it's really appropriate for adults who have the inclination to learn the language."

Leavitt admits that he doesn't see the trend of linguistic assimilation reversing dramatically, but the new programs have at least "focused people's attention" on the language and the need to save it. Leavitt adds that he's been more preoccupied lately with developing language programs for Maliseet. Maliseet and Micmac are part of the same Algonquian family of languages "but are not mutually intelligible to each other. It's like Spanish and Portuguese." Most of New Brunswick's Maliseet population is on the Tobique reserve on the St. John River.

Some worry that even if these languages survive, they'll survive only in a ceremonial sense. Harold McGee, an anthropologist at St. Mary's University in Halifax, says it's important that they be taught as living languages, so that their speakers can "ask to pass the salt and pepper" and "talk about what happened that day" around the dinner table. Language, he says, is frequently used as a symbol of cultural individuality. Without it, the very identity of the Micmac and other native groups would be at risk.

SUMMER FOOD

Bed and breakfast
hideaways: warm
hospitality and
home cooking

Take your pick of
the U-Picks: more
than just berries

Farmers markets:
an array of the
countryside's best
produce

Country suppers:
feasts of local
lobster and all the
trimmings



CELEBRATE SUMMER
Atlantic Insight's Food Supplement

Bed and breakfast places: the "people" business

by Lisa Ferguson



LIONEL STEVENSON/PEI TOURISM

Waking up to home-cooked muffins and jams, hot coffee and friendly people is the kind of hospitality that awaits visitors to Prince Edward Island when they stay at a bed and breakfast tourist home. But it doesn't happen by chance — bed and breakfast is a serious, growing business, especially in P.E.I.

"It's a people experience — that's the whole idea," says Doug Dalrymple, president of the Bed and Breakfast/Country Inn Association of Prince Edward Island. "People who stay at a bed and breakfast home share the beauty of the Island and its attractions, and also share in the lives of the people," he says. "When they sit down to enjoy a traditional Island home-cooked breakfast, they get involved with the family. They experience their way of life."

Who are the people involved in the Island's bed and breakfast industry? "Each place is different, with different people," Dalrymple says. "There are some in it just for the enjoyment of it, some who use it for extra income, and some who use it to make a living."

"I've never enjoyed doing anything more," says Marion Woodington, who's been operating Woodington's Country Inn in Sea View for 12 years. "I look forward to doing this every summer."

"We're enjoying it immensely," says Dora Lea of Vernon River. She and her husband Ralph started Lea's Bed and Breakfast 12 years ago. "We're a retired couple and we didn't want to part with our large home after the children left, so we decided to do this." The Leas meet and chat with people from all over the world.

"We enjoy meeting people, and they seem to like our hospitality," add Grace and Warren Thomas of Thomas's Bed and Breakfast in Mill River. They offer a special kind of welcome in their unique home that started as a log cabin in the 1800s.

As an industry, the bed and breakfast business in P.E.I. is more advanced than in the other Atlantic Provinces. It's been developing steadily since the group was formed six years ago by the tourism association and the provincial department of tourism. "We produce a brochure every year that lists all our members," says Dalrymple. "We'll probably put out about 30,000 this year to be distributed at tourist information centres in the province."

Bed and breakfast homes that belong to the association have distinctive brown and yellow signs displayed on the front lawns. There are 70 bed and breakfast homes and 14 country inns in the association. Like all tourist accommodations, they're licensed by the department of health. Bed and breakfast homes have a minimum of two rooms for guests, while country inns vary from four-bedroom homes to large summer resorts with as many as 40 rooms. But whatever size the

establishment, breakfast is always served — included in the rates or as an extra.

New Brunswick's bed and breakfast industry is just beginning and a bed and breakfast association like Prince Edward Island's has not been formed. P.E.I. is smaller, Dalrymple notes, "so we were able to organize province-wide a lot easier than it would be in a larger province."

Jack Syroid, executive director of marketing with Tourism New Brunswick, says if an association is to be formed in that province, the move should come from within the industry. "We'd certainly encourage the growth of any association that would contribute to tourism," he says, "but we think the thrust to get it going should come from interested people in the bed and breakfast field who share similar products and a similar future."

Syroid adds that while hotels and motels are still the backbone of the tourist accommodation industry, Tourism New Brunswick realizes the growing popularity of the bed and breakfast home. "We've just been watching the trends to see what kind of products are being taken advantage of, and I think P.E.I. has demonstrated there is definitely a market that is interested in bed and breakfast."

All bed and breakfast homes in New Brunswick are listed and classified in Tourism New Brunswick's accommodations guide. To be classified as a bed and breakfast in New Brunswick, a home must be privately-owned, with one or more guest rooms, and serve full breakfast.

"Most of our bed and breakfast places are located along the south shore," says Lynn Tompkins, a development officer with Tourism New Brunswick. "Many of them are older homes. They're nicely decorated, very cozy and very charming."

In Nova Scotia, several regional tourism associations work, independently and together, to promote the bed and breakfast industry.

Margaret Campbell, executive director of the South Shore Tourism Association lists 27 bed and breakfast homes from Tantallon to the Pubnicos, along what is known as the Lighthouse Route. These range from houses with two guest rooms to country inns such as the popular Boscawen in Lunenburg and the Whitman Inn near Kejimikujik National Park.

Each has its own appeal. Gramma's House at Port Saxon near Shelburne has been the home of owner Jean Turner's grandmother and great-grandmother. It has six guest rooms and serves supper as well as breakfast. Margaret Campbell says that the Cherry Hill Bed and Breakfast in Petite Riviere, Lunenburg Co., "even has its own cow and there's fresh cream every day" to pour over the peaches grown on the property.

The South Shore association has developed a honeymoon package for the May to October season and Campbell says, "I've had 2,000 hand-written in-

quiries about it in just one year."

The Annapolis Valley also has a thriving bed and breakfast industry — 60 tourist homes plus numerous country inns and farm vacation spots. The usual stay is two or three nights, but owners also welcome those who stay one night.

Accommodations range from antique-filled rooms in the restored Old Stone House in Windsor, overlooking the Avon River, to the beachfront property of June Barkhouse — the Country Corner in Kingsport. The family-oriented General's Palace in Clementsvalle offers fishing nearby. It's owned by a retired couple, Ab and Ruth Ottinger, and Ab is in charge of making pancakes, a role he plays to the hilt.

If staying on an island is a fond wish, there's a 200-year-old home on Brier Island in the Bay of Fundy. Donald and Rosemary Eaton came to Nova Scotia from the Northwest Territories a few years ago, and are now operating Brier House, with three guest rooms, breakfast and

afternoon tea, for the second season. The island, home to 350 people, can be reached by two consecutive ferry rides, making it an hour and a half trip from Digby. But it's more than worth it for the flora and fauna and whale-watching described by Rosemary Eaton. "The rose hips are the size of crabapples," she adds, and you can pick wild mussels on the beach at low tide. The Eatons began serving afternoon tea because "so many senior citizens made the trip to get here, and then had nowhere to stop and rest." Rosemary has become famous for her scones and crumpets — reflecting her Scots heritage — served with jams she makes from wild island berries.

To stay at a Maritime bed and breakfast tourist home it's best to make reservations, especially during the peak season of July and August. P.E.I. and Nova Scotia have toll-free numbers for reservations. In New Brunswick there's a toll-free information line, but reservations must be made directly with bed and breakfast owners. ●

Bed and breakfast specialties

Fruit Muffins

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 3/4 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup dates
- 1/2 cup peaches
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup peach juice

Mix, bake at 400° for 15-20 minutes.
— from *Dora Lea, Lea's Bed and Breakfast, Vernon River, P.E.I.*

Apple Spice Muffins

- 1 cup melted margarine
- 1 cup oil
- 2 cups chopped apples
- 1 cup raisins
- 2 cups cream or milk
- 5 eggs, lightly beaten
- 3 1/2 cups sugar

Mix ingredients above, then sift together:

- 7 cups flour (1/2 whole wheat, 1/2 white)
- 2 tbsp. baking powder
- 2 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 tsp. nutmeg

Stir dry ingredients gently into liquids, bake at 350° for 20 minutes.

— from *Elinor Phillips, A Different Drummer, Sackville, N.B.*

Home-made Granola

- 6 cups rolled oats (large flakes)
- 1 cup wheat germ
- 1 cup shelled sunflower seeds
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- 1 cup peanuts

- 1 cup vegetable oil
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup raisins

Heat oil, sugar and honey, add vanilla and salt, then combine with remaining ingredients (except raisins), tossing to coat lightly. Spread in a large, shallow pan and bake at 275° for 30 minutes. Stir often to toast evenly and very lightly. Add raisins, let cool while stirring occasionally. Store in a tightly covered container.

— from *Marion Woodington, Woodington's Country Inn, Sea View, P.E.I.*

Brier House Scones

- 2 cups flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup buttermilk
- currants (optional)

Combine all dry ingredients (and currants if you choose). Beat egg with buttermilk. Cut margarine into flour mixture, mix in liquids. Separate in half and form into rounds about 1/2 inch thick. Place on baking sheet and mark into six parts with a knife — don't cut all the way through. (The sections are called "farls" in Scotland.) Brush top with beaten egg white and bake at 425° for 18-20 minutes. Serve warm, wrapped in a linen napkin, accompanied by clotted cream and home-made berry jams.

— from *Rosemary Eaton, Brier House*

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SUMMER FOOD

A Newfoundland hideaway

by Peter Gard

Annette and Lloyd Miller bought the Riverside Lodge in Trouty, Trinity Bay, Nfld., just three years ago. According to Annette, Lloyd came home with visitors so often that when the lodge went up for sale, it seemed like a logical purchase. "It used to be Annette never knew who I was bringing home," says Lloyd. "It was just as well for us to go into the business."

Managing the lodge is mostly Annette's affair. Lloyd has his hands full with fishing and running a small sawmill. The ever-active Millers also keep a farm and have a corner store and takeout attached to the up-river end of the lodge.

Lloyd used to work in construction and has built three boats in Trouty. His pride and joy is the spotless 35-foot *Karen Edwin*, named after the Millers' children. Any longer and there would be no room to turn the boat in the narrow river mouth which serves as Trouty's harbor. Lloyd regularly asks people he meets if they'd like a ride out with him while he checks his lobster pots and cod traps. "We enjoy people," says Lloyd. "Since opening the lodge, I can travel every part of the world and visit someone I know."



Riverside Lodge, as its name suggests, sits hard on the banks of the Trouty River. Angling is a popular pastime in Trouty — and no wonder. Locals claim that the sea trout and mud trout which gave Trouty its name are not as numerous as

Boiled Salmon with Egg Sauce

Simmer a whole salmon in its skin until the flesh turns flaky — about 20 minutes to a half-hour, depending on the size of the fish. After the salmon has cooled slightly, remove its skin and bones. Separate into good-sized pieces and place in a shallow baking dish. Pour egg sauce over the salmon and cover. Sprinkle with parsley flakes. Place in medium oven. Cook until the dish is thoroughly warmed.

Egg Sauce

Combine 2 cups milk, a sprinkle of salt, and a tablespoon of butter. Heat the milk mixture in a pan, being careful not to let the milk boil over. Moisten a quarter-cup of flour with a little water. Add the flour and water mixture to the milk, a tablespoon or so at a time, stirring all the while. Heat the sauce until it thickens. When the sauce is ready, chop up two hard-boiled eggs and add them to the sauce.

Annette Miller's Fish Cakes

Soak salt fish overnight. In the morn-

ing put it on a boil until the fish flakes — about 20 minutes. Remove the bones and skin, breaking up the fish as you go. Boil up an equal quantity of potatoes. Fry out a quarter-pound of scrunchions and a finely chopped onion (scrunchions are fat back cut into small cubes). Cook until brown.

Drain off the fat and reserve for another use. Mash the potatoes in a big bowl and add the scrunchions, onion and fish. Mix thoroughly. Form into small cakes about three inches in diameter. Fry the cakes in a small quantity of light vegetable oil. Serve piping hot accompanied by some favorite home-made pickles.

Partridgeberry Pudding

1/4 cup butter
1/4 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup flour
1 1/4 cup partridgeberries
2 tsp. baking powder
Cream together the butter and sugar.

they once were — that is to say, they're no longer backed up the river like commuters in a traffic jam. Trouty was once so well known for trout that even the church had a trout weathervane. Nowadays, however, the trout of Trouty are best known for their attractive appearance in the frying pan.

The parlor of Riverside Lodge is dominated by a 55-year-old Esty organ, which still belongs to Hattie Toope, Lloyd's mother. When Hattie was 18, her father bought her the organ and had it shipped to the Ragged Islands, 20 kilometres off shore, where he worked as a lightkeeper. Hattie's Esty has seen a lot of territory since it was first winched up a cliff to the lighthouse. In addition to Trouty, it has followed the Millers to Trinity, Bonaventure and now-abandoned Kerley's Harbor, Lloyd's birthplace. When Hattie is visiting, Lloyd isn't shy about asking guests if they play.

Riverside Lodge, too, has seen its share of the countryside. The lodge's older half once stood in a tiny cove just outside Trouty, before it was moved to the riverbank site. It's a beautiful evening walk to this once populated cove, along wild cliffs and through dark woods. The houses are gone, but the meadows remain. With care, one can still trace out the foundations of the houses and root cellars.

Trouty itself is not an easy place to find, and, once there it's not an easy place to leave. Nearby is some of the best sight-seeing in Newfoundland. Historical Trinity is just eight kilometres to the north. The countryside south of Trinity is as wild and rugged as anywhere on the island, a veritable maze of cliffs and coves. Lloyd regularly takes interested visitors out to see the bald eagles nesting on Bonaventure Head. Others prefer whale-watching — or a day spent exploring beaches, coves and abandoned communities.

Whether the lodge's fish is served at the takeout or in the lodge restaurant, it's

bound to be fresh because Lloyd catches it himself. Annette's cooking is well known in Trouty, but she doesn't fuss much with meal planning. Usually guests suggest something they'd like. "If I know what I've got to cook, it doesn't bother me," she says. "I like to try different things. It's only for one to say what they would like and the rest usually say that will go over fine."

Lloyd says Annette's bread "is one of the top breads on the island." It is wonderfully firm and crusty. The only place, though, in the lodge that the dough rises to Annette's satisfaction is in the lodge office. Annette goes through three bags of flour a week making bread. "All the men come in from the fish plant," she says,

"and so do the men who bring the beer and groceries. If we were on the main road you wouldn't be able to serve home-made bread. 'We'd be drove off our heads'."

Annette says she learned to cook in "bits and pieces — some from home and some along the way." During the summer, boiled salmon dinners are the lodge's most popular dish. Annette likes to fill her plates and table with plenty of trimmings. The pickles are made by her cousin, but Annette makes everything else. It's no good asking, however, for her recipe for pineapple soufflé. She won't give it out as she's the only one she knows who makes it. Dinner guests who want a second taste know they'll just have to visit Riverside Lodge again. ●



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Add the egg. Sift a cup of flour into a second bowl along with 2 tsp. of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Add the partridgeberries and mix lightly. Add the partridgeberry and flour mixture to the butter and sugar mixture, bit by bit. Moisten with the milk whenever the mixture gets too thick to work easily. Pour into a square baking dish and bake at 350° for 30 to 35 minutes.

Custard Sauce

1 cup water
1/2 cup white sugar
1 tsp. butter
a shake of salt
4 tbsps. custard powder

Make the custard powder into a paste with a little water. Mix together the remaining ingredients and heat. Just before the water boils, slowly add the moistened custard powder while stirring. The sauce will thicken almost immediately. Serve with partridgeberry or blueberry pudding.



PHOTOS BY MATT VOHS

Recipe for the making of great chefs

by Barbara MacAndrew

Who is challenging the great chefs of Europe? A cosmopolitan crew of chefs de cuisine born in Atlantic Canada and trained at Charlottetown's Culinary Institute of Canada.

"We are now recognized as one of the top three chef colleges in the world," says CIC director Barney Bree. "But probably because we're a very young institution and located in P.E.I., some people in the business in Canada don't realize that we are. We intend to show them we train top chefs here in Atlantic Canada," adds Bree.

Instructor Richard Chiasson is one of the people responsible for the Institute's growing reputation — a reputation that attracts students from as far away as China and New Zealand. "We have a love of fine food prepared with a special flair," he says. "Creativity is combined with the wonderful produce of Atlantic Canada's land and sea." Chiasson's own background is Acadian. He says that students at the Institute have the opportunity to develop variations of dishes from most ethnic backgrounds.

Chiasson learned the basics of cooking at home in Caraquet, N.B. His mother, Doris Paulin Chiasson, worked in the "Flots Bleu" restaurant and his father, Médard, was also a fine cook who spent a few years on Canadian National trains. The Chiassons' six sons grew up enjoying the robust fare of an Acadian fishing village kitchen where fresh and salt fish were staple items on the menu.

While in his early 20s, Richard liked to experiment with exotic recipes and invited his friends to try these strange dishes. He says, "I enjoyed eating and had

a curiosity about food. I grew more fascinated with the art of cuisine and vowed to travel to learn from great chefs."

That ambition was realized after a year of training at the Moncton Community College school of cooking where Chiasson honed his skills in Acadian cuisine — preparation for a five-year career in several top European restaurants. The first was *L'Hôtel St. Albert* in Sarlat, in the Périgord region of France. During 1981 and 1982, Chiasson worked in Paris at *Le Boeuf sur le Toit*, a restaurant that was "very nouvelle cuisine," — a method of which the young chef was once a devotee. It is known for its variety of sauces and mixed dishes.

The Paris restaurant has a "three chef hats" rating (four is the top category), according to *Le Goût et Millou* guide book — similar to the *Guide Michelin* which awards the coveted stars or rosettes to deserving French restaurants. The *nouvelle cuisine* kitchen where Chiasson spent almost a year catered to eccentric gourmets and the Parisian artistic community. Two regulars were Catherine Deneuve and Jean-Paul Belmondo. It's a long way from the north shore of New Brunswick to Paris. Today he prefers "*cuisine naturel*," which is fresher and not as heavy. He says, "*cuisine naturel* with its low sodium, low fat... natural ingredients which are lightly cooked emphasizing spices rather than salt, has become my personal favorite."

Chiasson's mentor is French-born chef, Bernard Grand-Clement, with whom he spent four years as an apprentice, travelling to the Hotel Beausejour

in Moncton, to Keltic Lodge in Cape Breton and to the Sawridge Hotel in Jasper, Alberta. Grand-Clement is now executive chef at the World Trade and Convention Centre in Halifax. Chiasson says he enjoys "passing on to students what I have learned and seen in my experience as a chef in Canada and in Europe."

Chiasson states that he is proud to work with the CIC and that the Institute has achieved its reputation without fanfare. He says that the Island's three main industries — agriculture, tourism and fishing — make it a perfect spot to nurture the world's most accomplished chefs-to-be. Fresh farm and ocean produce give CIC chefs the scope to create world-class recipes. It is the home of excellent meats, including Atlantic region lamb with its special flavor. He adds, "here on the Island, there is even an expert grower of herbs and spices and they also make terrific Dijon mustard." He's describing the Morley Pinsent family at High Meadow Farm at Breadalbane.

CIC director Barney Bree explains why the Institute was established three years ago. He says that according to a 1980 report by the hospital and food service industry, excellence in restaurant fare in Canada was found lacking. The training offered at the Institute addressed that need. He says "the core program, a two-year post-secondary culinary arts course, covers all aspects of food and beverage preparation, presentation, kitchen organization and service management skills."

"We're extremely proud today of the standards CIC students have attained. Atlantic Canada is showing national and international leadership in expertise with these CIC grads," Barney Bree adds, "Not only is that original need starting to be filled but CIC is showing other countries how it's done."

Bree should know... he's a fellow of the Canadian Hospitality Institute and of the Hotel Catering and Institutional Management Association of Great Britain. He's had 30 years of experience. He's cooked on luxury liners, and in hotel chains. "CIC is now in the top three chef training schools in the world," he says, "but we recognize skills already learned, so we also attract vintage cooks seeking chef de cuisine excellence. Our modular designed courses have continuous intake and exit of students. Students work in an industry setting. We stress creativity."

"The Culinary Institute has been designed to operate as a completely self-supporting business," explains Dr. Donald Glendenning, one of CIC's founders and president of Holland College on whose campus CIC is located. In 1986 it expects to generate enough sales and tuition revenue to cover its operating expenses. Economic spinoffs are already being felt in the area. It purchases over \$146,000 in local goods and services each year.



Chiasson is helping build CIC's reputation

Glendenning points out that farm fresh produce and the ocean's lobsters, oysters, clams, mussels, scallops and sea trout are right on the Institute's kitchen doorstep. In addition "succulent strawberries and raspberries are only a few fields away. And the blueberry capital of Canada is nearby in Oxford, N.S. The Island has the world's best potatoes being used in exotic dishes."

Among their peers, CIC-trained chefs are receiving national acclaim. During the 1985 "Taste of Canada" competition, a world-wide event for student chefs, the CIC trainees walked off with four gold, two silver and three bronze medals.

But the true test of ability takes place each day by high-hatted chefs in the CIC kitchens. In spotless white coats, they stir, shake, purée and baste amid gleaming stainless steel stoves and copper pots. Faces beneath the tall hats are of all ages and many nationalities. In the rose, beige and copper Lucy Maud dining room upstairs, an array of waiters and waitresses learn to anticipate diners' every wish as multi-course meals progress. Visitors to the Culinary Institute of Canada in Charlottetown find it hard to believe the gourmet meals are prepared and served by students.

Baked Quahaugs

An Acadian party favorite

2 lbs. fresh quahaugs
1 small clove garlic
1/4 tsp. chives
1 tbsp. white wine (optional)
1 tsp. bread crumbs
pepper to taste
(no salt is required, quahaugs have a natural salt taste from the ocean)

Shuck quahaugs, keeping shells; clean well and then dry. Cut them in small bite-size pieces. Crush and purée garlic. Mix well and sprinkle with chives and pepper. Fill empty shells. Sprinkle bread crumbs on top and drizzle with butter. Bake at 400° for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve with lemon wedge.

— from Richard Chiasson

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SUMMER FOOD

Pick of the crop

by Deborah Metherall

If you're tired of busy supermarkets — battling just to get an unbruised berry or not-so-mouldy vegetable — then try some of the more than 70 U-Picks in Nova Scotia. For city dwellers and suburbanites alike, just soaking up some good country air while picking fresh produce is an opportunity that's hard to resist.

U-Picks started up in the early '70s. Finding it difficult to get pickers to harvest their crops, some enterprising farmers developed the U-Pick concept. Why not open the fields for people to pick and pay for their own produce? They did, and it worked.

One of the largest U-Pick operations in the province is Orchard Hill Farm. Just outside Waterville in the Annapolis Valley, turn off onto a long driveway lined with shade trees leading to a big white farm house. Orchard Hill, run by the Banks family, has about 60 acres devoted to their U-Pick and vegetable stand operations. Between 30 and 40 varieties of vegetables are grown.

Corn is the number one big seller, says Kim Banks, who grows about 12 kinds. This year he's going to add strawberry corn, red in color and strictly decorative. But don't pass up his tasty yellow and white kernel corn. It's so sweet you'll need to add vinegar!

Nova Scotia is a paradise for berry lovers. Take your pick — literally — blueberry, strawberry, or raspberry. There's enough to provide back aches from the beginning of July to the middle of August.

With blueberry U-Picks, there's a choice of low bush or high bush. Low bush are found throughout the province growing wild. The berries tend to be small and full of flavor. The high bush berries, which are cultivated and bigger, are the type seen at supermarkets. High bush blueberries also grow wild in Yarmouth County, the bushes reaching the size of small trees.

On the province's south shore just outside Bridgewater is Max Wambolt's low bush blueberry farm. With nearly 20 acres of land he guarantees a good harvest. "We've just as many blueberries as black flies and just as many people coming down to pick them as mosquitoes," he says. Wambolt's U-Pick operation has been going a few years now, but he sells most of



ERIC HAYES

his berries to Graves. He says the berries have been pretty good in recent years and for this season, "Well, I don't know. That almanac lies worse than I do!"

Easier to pick than blueberries are strawberries, and Nova Scotia sports an abundance of these U-Picks. Gerald Hebb runs a 300-acre fruit and vegetable farm near Bridgewater. He devotes 12 to 14 acres for strawberry production alone. However, if he finds he has an excess of crops such as beans, he'll let you pick them too. In addition to strawberry u-picking, he allows stores to send in their own pickers to help harvest the crop.

Twenty miles outside Amherst between Oxford and Springhill, Mark Ripley runs a 22-acre strawberry farm. The operation used to be up to 50 per cent U-Pick and he had to send away hundreds of carloads of people. Recently, however, he's found the interest has waned. Some of the other strawberry U-Pick operators around the province agree. "Consumers see berries selling for 99 cents in the stores, and U-Pick prices are about 75 cents," says Ripley. "That's not a lot of difference. People now, I think, are spending more of their leisure time enjoying other activities such as the beach."

Jan Swinkels, owner of Barb's Berries, located ten miles from Truro, has six acres of strawberry plants. He's also

noticed a reduced U-Pick demand. "It's almost like a trend. The time for U-Picks, home gardens and back to the earth, has sort of dropped."

The Nova Scotia department of agriculture suggests that the strawberry U-Pick business has in fact not fallen off but that the producers have increased their acreage, and are then left with more berries unsold. Some growers say that the proliferation of U-Picks, as well as roadside strawberry stands outside city limits, means that each U-Pick is getting a smaller piece of the pie.

Despite these industry problems, Jan Swinkel says Barb's Berries is doing well. "We still have our regular customers and those people are real die-hard berry pickers. They pick the bushes clean and they enjoy doing it."

Raspberry U-Picks are on the increase in the province. William Barrow's Yorkshire Farm U-Pick, located seven miles from Collingwood, has three-quarters of an acre of raspberries for picking. That may not sound like much but when you get right down to it that's a lot of berries.

Barrow says raspberries are well suited for U-Pick as they are perishable, don't keep as well as strawberries in the store, and are best eaten when freshly picked. The season begins about mid-July. Barrow says the raspberry canes look good this year, so he's hoping for a bumper crop.

Tree fruits remain a popular U-Pick, and being easier to harvest are fun for the whole family. Springvale Farm near Berwick has apples, pears and sometimes even plums. The farm, owned by Paul Grimm, has 50 acres of orchard and about 20 per cent of that is devoted to U-Pick.

For something new, innovative and quite out of the ordinary in U-Picks, a trip to the Double H Farm outside Waterville may prove irresistible. The father and son team of Hector and Joe Hortie invite you to pick a bouquet of flowers — annuals or perennials — or if you prefer, they will cut them and even do a floral arrangement.

The herbs at the Double H Farm are a big drawing card for gourmets and picklers — basil, thyme, oregano, marjoram, dill, parsley, the list goes on. The herbs grow in the field and also in greenhouses. These are unheated greenhouses but they protect the plants to some degree from the elements and allow for a longer growing season — almost until Christmas for some varieties. "Restaurants have really tuned in to our operation," says Joe Hortie. "There's nothing like fresh herbs to enhance food and we sell to about 15 restaurants in the Halifax area alone."

The Double H Farm doesn't stop at flowers and herbs. There are two acres of raspberry canes for u-pickers, including a new variety this year which produces a purple berry and four acres of high bush blueberries, not to mention the apple orchards.

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Farmers markets: the country comes to town

City markets are a wonderful tradition, in some locations dating back a couple of hundred years. They bring together not only the varied produce of rural communities, but also the people, some of whose families have been coming to the cities with their specialties for several generations.

Never just an alternative method of shopping, a visit to the market is often a regular outing and weekly habit. For tourists, a bustling market offers a kaleidoscope of sights, smells and tastes indigenous to the area — meats and fish, fruits, vegetables and home-baked goods.

Visitors to the city of **Saint John** are charmed by its interesting marketplace. Spanning a full city block and embellished with ornate Victorian cast iron gates, the city market is both a provincial historical

site and the scene of daily transactions between vendors and buyers.

Opening and closing times are marked by the ringing of the bell by the deputy market clerk, one of the many customs that delight visitors. Open six days a week year-round, the city market is one of the oldest in Canada. The present building was begun in 1876 but the market has been operating since its Royal Charter was granted in 1786, when the city itself was incorporated. The seafaring nature of its artisans can be seen in an upward glance: the timbers supporting the roof form an enormous inverted ship's hull.

The market itself is a colorful hodgepodge of sights and sounds. Multi-hued flags hang gaily along the full 394-foot length of the building. Solemn mooseheads overlook the comings and goings at Dean's Sausages. They are a reminder of the game once sold in the market — bear, moose, deer and wild fowl. Carcasses once lined both sides of the central aisle and the meat hooks still remain, embedded in some of the stalls. Further down the aisle, fanciful, life-size renditions of a zebra and a camel prance above passers-by. Old established vendors, such as Slocum and Ferris — 1895, contrast with young upstarts, such as the popular Pete's Frootique.

While tourists come to experience the market as a historical artifact, Saint John residents come daily for the produce. Open benches piled high with fresh fruits, vegetables, baked goods and flowers line the centre aisles, with little shops and restaurants tucked in along the sides. The

aisles in the middle of the building are reserved for the farmers, though none live within 30 kilometres of the city. On weekends, however, there are some who make the early morning trip to sell fresh eggs (duck and goose, as well as chicken), produce, home baking, fresh-killed rabbits and plump, spicy sausages.

Specialties of the market include world famous Grand Manan dulce, available in any quantity and shipped around the globe. Purchase a bag to munch on while wandering through the rest of the displays. The market boasts two excellent fish mongers, Lord's Lobsters and Nicholson's Corner. Here you can buy fresh Atlantic salmon, cod, halibut, squid, lobster and other shellfish.

Fiddleheads, in season, are beloved by New Brunswickers; other popular seasonal products are strawberries, blueberries, blackberries and cranberries. Maple syrup, sugar and candies are always waiting to tempt you, often sold by the same farmers who did the sugaring-off. Jars of Seville marmalade, with perky blue and white gingham caps, are presented by a local restaurant — Incredible Edibles — in conjunction with Pete's Frootique.

Along the perimeter of the building are the quaint establishments that conjure up an image of the market of 100 years ago. Slocum and Ferris is an old-fashioned general store that sells everything from soup to nuts. Here, you can warm yourself by the pot-bellied wood-burning stove while savoring aromatic delicacies and chatting with the cheery women in white coats behind the counters. Especially delicious are the five types of cookies, home-made fish cakes, date squares and brownies.

Jeremiah's Deli also has an inviting wood stove. The young people tending the shop make a variety of deli-style sandwiches and serve up heaping cones of creamy Sussex ice cream. Vern's bakery, next door, is a cozy little place with the enticing scent of fresh baked goodies. Specialties here include six types of bread, bagels, whole wheat tea biscuits and sweets.

The Saint John city market presents a feast for both the eye and the palate. Its uniqueness stems from its existence as



SAINT JOHN VISITOR AND CONVENTION BUREAU

The Saint John market is a colorful blend of sights and sounds

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Chipper Peanut Butter Cookies

1/4 cup butter
1/4 cup shortening
1/2 cup peanut butter
1/4 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1 1/4 cup flour
3/4 tsp. baking soda
1/4 tsp. salt
1 six-ounce package chocolate chips

Mix in order given. Bake at 350° for about 12 minutes. Makes approximately 3 dozen.

— from *Slocum and Ferris*

Harrods of London may boast of selling everything from a safety pin to an elephant, but the **Halifax City Market** doesn't fall short of the mark either — providing goose eggs to Grand Marnier truffles.

The market, founded in 1750, is the oldest existing institution in the city of Halifax, and predates the market in Saint John. But it has never had a permanent location and has always been shoved around... in fact it has moved more than a dozen times in its 230-year history.

At present there are 25 to 30 vendors, located in the Brewery Market in Halifax. This restored series of stone buildings on the city's waterfront, once the brewery of Alexander Keith and Sons, plays host to fine boutiques and eateries and, early Friday and Saturday mornings, the farmers market. As you stroll past the stalls, there are plenty of temptations — from steak and kidney pie at one end to smoked salmon at the other.

Mary Ann LaPierre, president of the Halifax city market, says her family has been selling their produce at the market since the turn of the century. In her time she's noticed a big change in the clientele. "With the years seems to have come a younger shopper, interested in a variety of non-traditional foods such as sugar peas, Belgian endive, hydroponically grown watercress and bibb lettuce. Twenty years ago it was basically carrots, potatoes and turnips." She says that people are now more concerned about produce that's been sprayed, and want to know whether it's organically grown.

Most of the vendors at the city market are small farm operators or have cottage industries, allowing them to really cater to the customer. Don Denison, who sells homemade jams says if you taste his orange marmalade you'll notice it contains no rind. He explains that if you wear dentures, biting into rind is the last thing you want to do first thing in the morning. But he doesn't compromise on quality — his wide assortment of jams have 50 years of tradition behind them.

And if you have a sweet tooth, you

won't make it past Marge Ross's truffle table. Delicately displayed in a wooden cabinet covered in glass is an impressive array of multi-flavored truffles. Beside them are gaily-colored chocolate lollipops shaped like daisies, roses, and tulips. There are colorful centrepieces for the dining table, as well as baskets of tiny chocolate "care-bears."

Ross, who works out of her kitchen at home, delved into the truffle industry last September. "My work is very labor-intensive but the city market has a real cross-section of people, which I enjoy. They come to chat, give me suggestions, and one woman even re-arranged my table... don't worry — she had one idea that really worked."

Next door to Marge Ross' table are her in-laws and their Seabright smoked salmon. With an entrepreneurial spirit and "waste not" philosophy, the Krasemanns use the remnants of their salmon to make smoked salmon pâté and salmon butter. Tony Krasemann makes salmon fish cakes, and his son, Simon, is experimenting with smoked oysters and smoked mussels. They also bring in Kurt's smoked meats of Bridgewater, which are in great demand because they are nitrate free.

The Halifax city market is not without international flair. Willem and Maja van den Hoek's Dutch cheese is in great demand to say nothing of Maja's breads and coffee ring. The gouda cheese from their farm in Lower Economy is made with raw whole milk without preservatives or coloring agents. They have a wide variety of spiced goudas including cumin, clove, and one that's a mixture of thyme, basil, and dill.

Nearby, against a stone wall sporting a large Union Jack are the Melton Mowbray and steak and kidney pies of Cliff and Valerie Tyner. These pies, which have long been an old English tradition, are sold alongside home-made English relishes and chutneys.

The globe is well covered at the Halifax city market. Chinese and Portuguese foods are also available. From the exotic to the basic — side by side with foreign cuisine are goose eggs, goats milk, fresh farm butter, and Nova Scotia lamb.

Food is not all that's sold. Bedding plants show up in abundance towards the end of May. Small shrubs become available as well. The market has local crafts, woven baskets, children's furniture and trollies for carrying firewood.

The farm market concept is increasing in popularity right across the province. Nova Scotia can now boast of a dozen farmers markets as unique and diversified as the products they sell.

Browsers at farmers markets in **Prince Edward Island** probably know little about the markets' historic significance in the province.

"The first farmers market was established in the late 1800s, when the land where Confederation Centre is today was granted to the farmers by Queen Victoria," says Carole Huntsberger, treasurer of the Charlottetown Farmers Market



P.E.I. markets attract tourists and Islanders

Co-operative Association Ltd. "We're just carrying on that tradition."

Association president Jean Mutch, who runs Burnstrath Gardens and Crafts in Mount Herbert, says the current Charlottetown market is probably the fourth to be established in the province. "There were other Charlottetown markets, but this group started ten years ago. We were a small group of farmers or farm-related people who saw the need to establish another market," she says. "We started in the Eaton's parking lot in the summer months, then in the winter we moved to the Farm Centre."

Today the market, the only one in Charlottetown and the largest in the province, operates out of a building on Belvedere Avenue. There are about 30 to 40 year-round vendors, who come from as far as 60 miles away to take part.

"We're a collection of farmers and gardeners in a co-operative selling space," says Carole Huntsberger. "We've made the shopping centre idea available to ordinary people."

The Charlottetown farmers market operates from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Thursdays and Saturdays in June; on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays in July and August; and on Saturdays the rest of the year. Hundreds of people crowd into the market building during the day to shop for fruits and vegetables, meats, eggs, home baking and crafts.

"Most of us are gardeners and craftspeople rather than big-time farmers," he adds. "It's different to be involved in this — to bring your product from the seed to the frying pan."

Another P.E.I. farmers market — this one in Summerside — was started five years ago. It's the second largest in the province, says market chairman Paul Offer, a fresh vegetable grower who operates The Doctor's Inn and Organic Market Garden in Tyne Valley. "I started selling off the back of my truck behind Holman's

Wild Blueberries

... The Perfect Muffin Stuffin'

Blueberry Maple Muffins with Streusel Topping
Yield: 12 muffins

375 ml all purpose flour	1 1/2 cups
50 ml sugar	1/4 cup
15 ml baking powder	1 tbsp.
2 ml salt	1/2 tsp.
50 ml melted butter or vegetable oil	1/4 cup
1 egg, beaten	1
125 ml milk	1/2 cup
125 ml maple syrup	1/2 cup
175 ml quick oats	3/4 cup
250 ml wild fresh or frozen blueberries	1 cup

Streusel Topping:	
30 ml butter or margarine	2 tbsp.
30 ml brown sugar	2 tbsp.
5 ml cinnamon	1 tsp.
50 ml finely chopped walnuts or other nuts	1/4 cup

Sift and mix together flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Blend butter, beaten egg, milk, syrup and oats. Stir into dry mixture until all ingredients are just moistened. Fold in blueberries. Fill well-greased or lined muffin tins 2/3 full with batter. Dot with Streusel Topping. Bake at 200°C (400°F) 35-40 minutes.

Topping:

Melt butter in small saucepan, stir in sugar, cinnamon and nuts. Blend well.



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department store,” he recalls, “and by the end of the year there were four of us selling.”

Farmers markets had long been part of Summerside's history and the chamber of commerce encouraged the return of a tradition. The new market opened in 1982. “It went great,” Offer says. “We ended up with 15 vendors that year, and it's gone fairly smoothly since then.”

And things are going well for Paul Offer himself. He takes vegetables to both the Summerside and Charlottetown markets. “I'm trying to expand my sales and make a living from the markets,” he explains.

The Summerside market is open on Friday afternoons from May to Christmas, and also on Tuesday afternoons in the summer months. “August is the busiest month because all the popular crops are harvested and the tourists are still around,” says Offer. The market is about one-quarter the size of the one in Charlottetown, but it has just as much variety. “About the only thing we don't have is meats,” he says.

Farmers markets can also be found in Bloomfield, Wood Islands, Montague and Souris. They add “a little ruralism” to the towns, Offer says. “We bring the country people into the town to meet the city people.”

Carrot Cake

3/4 cup mazola oil
1 1/2 cups white sugar
3 eggs
3 heaping tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. baking soda
pinch salt
1 cup grated carrot
1/2 cup crushed pineapple
2 cups flour

Cook for one hour at 350°. Makes two good-sized loaves.

Icing

1 package cream cheese
2 cups icing sugar
1 egg

— from Shirley MacNevin, *Shirley's Country Cooking in Clyde River, Charlottetown Farmers Market*

Lime Marmalade

6 limes
10 cups water
10 cups sugar
1 box pectin

Wash limes in hot soapy water to remove oil-base sprays. Rinse and repeat. Slice, then remove the seeds. Soak for two hours, cover, then simmer until tender (about one hour). Add pectin and bring to a boil, then add sugar and bring to a full boil for two to three minutes. Skim off the foam, pour in hot jars and seal.

— from Carole Huntsberger, *Carole's Bread and Jams, Charlottetown Farmers Market*

Written by Marilyn Rudi in Saint John, Deborah Metherall in Halifax and Lisa Ferguson in Charlottetown

Luscious lobster suppers

by Lisa Ferguson

Country suppers — the phrase conjures up visions of steamed lobster dripping with butter, home-made rolls, fresh garden salad and melt-in-your-mouth desserts. During Prince Edward Island's tourist season, such a feast is easily found, and for a reasonable price, at church halls and community centres.

The famous suppers that tourists from all over the world seek out are those served up banquet-style in small towns such as New London, New Glasgow (P.E.I.) and St. Ann's. "We have a very international array of visitors — Europeans, Japanese, Australians, New Zealanders," says Hedy Ochsner, manager of the St. Ann's Church Lobster Suppers, located on Route 224 near Cavendish. "We also get a lot of people from the States as well as from throughout the Maritimes. And I'm amazed at the number of repeat visitors."

Twenty-two years ago, the St. Ann's supper became the first organized church lobster supper on Prince Edward Island. It all began when Father Dennis Gallant from South Rustico, rector at the Roman Catholic parish of St. Ann's, decided the church could use the money raised through lobster suppers to pay off its debts.

"The church was ten years old and had a very heavy mortgage," Ochsner says. "Restaurants were scarce in this area, so he said, 'Why shouldn't we start a lobster supper?'"

"We got off to a slow start — one day a week for the first year, and a commercial kitchen was almost non-existent in the church hall," says Ochsner. That first year, all the work was done by volunteers, who also helped supply the pies, rolls and sweets served with the main course. The next year, the suppers were held two nights a week and Father Gallant was able to pay the workers five dollars a night for their help.

Gradually, the church group reached the decision to become a full-time operation, from 4 p.m. to 8:30 p.m., June 23 to September 13. They were able to pay their workers minimum wage. Father Gallant persuaded several firms to extend credit to enlarge the kitchen and buy equipment and dishes. Father Gallant left the parish in 1975, and succeeding priests ran the suppers until Hedy Ochsner took over in 1981 because the priest was also busy with his Summerfield parish.

By the time she became involved, Ochsner says, "it was a booming business. It was just crazy — we had 1,000 people in here one day in the height of the season." The church hall has seating for 275. "We have 500 to 600 people a day several times a season," says Ochsner. "I don't know how we do it, but no one is rushed through their meal."

What's the magic formula that St. Ann's and other community supper organizers have found to please so many eager diners? Excellent food, excellent service and good dollar value are part of it. But most establishments also offer more than just the fresh lobster: other seafoods, steak, ham, turkey, chicken and beef. The trimmings include juice, salads, beverages, vegetables, chowders and home-baked rolls, pies and strawberry shortcake.

"We're very well-renowned for our home-made seafood chowder," Ochsner says. "People come here for that — they love it." At many community suppers, visitors can get second helpings on everything except the main course. "In this business you have to be generous — that's my motto," says Ochsner.

St. Ann's has a special added attraction for its diners. "We have a profes-

sional organ player and vocalist, Con Zaat. He's been with us for about 14 of our 22 seasons." Ochsner says he plays everyone's favorites, from quiet background music to roaring singalongs. "He has a Hammond organ and it sounds like an orchestra playing in there."

All proceeds from the St. Ann's suppers go back into the parish. "We make money to maintain the church." The money raised so far paid off the church's mortgage in 1972. Just last year, the suppers funded new siding, a new entrance and roof and wall repairs. "There are only 90 families in this parish," Ochsner says, "and if we had to exist on the collection, we'd all have to give more. About two-thirds of the church revenue comes from the suppers."

This is the rest of the formula — it's all for a good cause. That country suppers are such a success is due in no small measure to fine country food served in the right spirit — the warm spirit of Island hospitality.

Church Supper Shortcake

72 eggs, beaten
24 tsp. baking powder
18 cups sugar
18 cups flour
12 tsp. salt
24 tsp. vanilla

Beat eggs, sugar and vanilla. Add dry ingredients and beat until the batter is smooth. Bake at 325° for 25 minutes or until golden brown. This shortcake freezes well.

— from St. Ann's Church Lobster Suppers

Home-made Mayonnaise

9 cups white sugar
1 cup flour
5 tsp. salt
9 tbsp. dried mustard
9 cups vinegar
27 whole eggs or 54 egg yolks

Mix dry ingredients thoroughly, then slowly add wet ingredients. Cook in a double boiler until it reaches a good consistency (like lemon pie filling). Cool as quickly as possible in a cold water bath.

Before serving, dilute with canned milk until runny. This mayonnaise has a very short fridge life. (One-third of this recipe makes 64 oz.)

— from St. Ann's Church Lobster Suppers



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Hedy Ochsner manages a booming business

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Coast guard icebreaker *Earl Grey*, built by the newly revived shipyard of Pictou Industries was delivered "on time and on budget"

The rebirth of a shipyard

Two years ago the Pictou shipyard was bankrupt and on the verge of shutting down. Now it's the brightest spot in a hard-pressed industry. How did it happen?

by Nancie Erhard

Two years ago, Ferguson Industries Ltd. of Pictou, N.S., was in receivership. Already heavily in debt, Ferguson had submitted a bid to build the coast guard icebreaker *Earl Grey* knowing it would lose \$2 million on the contract. It was an act of desperation not uncommon in the hard-pressed shipbuilding industry. The Bank of Nova Scotia, however, didn't appreciate the mathematics and called in the receivers. Eighty-five people lost their jobs.

Recently the *Earl Grey* was delivered "on time and on budget," in the words of the yard's general manager, Derek Roger. Ferguson Industries, reborn as Pictou Industries Ltd., had gone through an amazing transformation — from the industry's most critically ill patient to its healthiest member.

Throughout the yard recently were signs of activity. Between sea trials the icebreaker shared a wharf with two National Sea Products Ltd. trawlers being modified, and a new scallop dragger, the *Cachalot I*, was ready for christening. In

its cradle, a new Dartmouth/Halifax ferry was taking shape. Some 200 people were at work. Roger was talking about raising the number to "a steady workforce of 250 to 300 people."

What happened?

The reasons for the turnaround are less dazzling than the turnaround itself: provincial assistance, union co-operation and a different approach by new owners — Port Weller Dry Docks, a subsidiary of Upper Lakes Shipping (ULS) International of Toronto. ULS took over from H.B. Nickerson and Sons Ltd., the bankrupt fish company of which the yard was one of the last surviving operations.

In order to attract a buyer for the yard, the province agreed to pay for the projected loss on the *Earl Grey*. That and agreements with the union, Local 4702 of the United Steelworkers, were crucial to the sale. The union agreed to extend its contract by one year without a salary increase and to relax the rules governing which tasks tradespeople are allowed to do.

The purchase of Ferguson Industries

was part of ULS International's plan to participate in the east coast offshore. "I recognize that with the price of oil the offshore is mostly stalled," says Roger. "But it's also recognized that it will come, and when it does we'll be in the forefront." The yard has been selected as the place for an offshore assembly site to be built with federal funds. The nine-acre site will help Pictou Industries compete for anything from above-deck living modules on the Hibernia production platforms to entire production platforms for the Sable Island gas and oil fields, when these are developed.

The present company, however, is dedicated to new construction and repair — especially of fishing boats "which is our future and always will be."

Roger, of South African and Scottish origin, came to Pictou from his last position at Saint John Shipbuilding and Dry Dock shortly after the receivers took over. "The yard was badly run and the equipment was antiquated," he says. Since then, improvements made to the main yard include installing a new crane, upgrading the marine railway (from a capacity of 2,000 to 3,000 tonnes), and investing in the latest computer technology.

But simply improving the facility is not enough to attract work in the tough market for Canadian shipbuilding. Soon after the new owners bought the yard, they turned their attention to finding a product that would provide a relatively stable source of work. "We said, 'Okay, what is there in the shipbuilding industry that

nobody is building, and that's needed?"

The answer was a scallop dragger, built of steel but at a price competitive with wood. The 76 vessels in the East Coast scallop fleet right now are all about 26 years old. "Two or three are likely to be retired every year because of their age," says Pictou Industries vice-president and marketing manager Bob Bezanson, "and they're not going to be replaced with wooden vessels."

Other yards have waited — and waited in vain — over the past few years for the scallop fleet to be replaced. But, says Derek Roger, "you can't wait. You have to lead." Pictou Industries commissioned local naval architect Jim MacGuire to design a steel vessel that could be built for a relatively low cost. "Nobody knows better than the fishermen what they need," Roger points out, and the design was developed with a lot of input from prospective owners. So far, *Cachalot I* is the only boat built to the design that the company hopes will set a new industry standard.

Other work Pictou Industries is doing for the fishery is "jumboizing" four trawlers for National Sea Products. Each ship is cut in half, the halves pulled apart, and a new 20-foot section inserted. Putting it all back together again involves modifying the piping and electrical sys-

tems, extending the main propeller shaft and installing new refrigeration systems. The changes will allow National Sea to box the fish in 90-litre containers, so it can be handled with less damage to the product.

The contract to lengthen the first four of National Sea's trawlers was awarded to a shipyard in Iceland. Pictou Industries managed to get the next four. The double-bottomed insert sections used in Iceland are made in Denmark, but Pictou Industries is manufacturing its own. "One of the things we're strong on is utilizing as much Canadian content as possible," Roger emphasizes.


Both Derek Roger and Bob Bezanson were outraged by reports that the government was considering spending \$100 million to buy foreign ships for the naval reserve. "How can the government even think for a minute of ordering vessels outside of Canada and pretend to be acting for the good of the nation?" Bezanson asks.

Governments provide most of the business that remains for the Canadian shipbuilding industry since various subsidies have been removed. Last year federal government departments placed over 80 per cent of the orders for new vessels built in Canadian yards. Most of the other vessels were ordered by provincial governments or Crown corporations. There is

no requirement or incentive for commercial shippers to use Canadian-built ships. As Derek Roger sees it, what the Canadian shipbuilding industry needs is "not a subsidy, but a policy" from the federal government.

With its improved marine railway, the company looks forward to being able to bid on more government work. Over the past year, it has been the most successful yard in the Maritimes bidding on major government contracts. In addition to the Dartmouth/Halifax ferry it is now building, the shipyard expects to start a new Northumberland ferry soon. But "we're a long way from being where we'd like to be. It's no consolation that the rest are in a mess."

A "mess" may be an understatement. Breton Industrial and Marine Ltd., of Port Hawkesbury, has gone into voluntary receivership. Sydney Drydock recently asked for help from the province. Saint John Shipbuilding and Dry Dock is having enormous problems with its naval frigate program. And the others are living hand to mouth on occasional government work.

While all may not be smooth sailing for Pictou Industries, the shipyard has done better: it seems, at least, to have weathered the storm. 

Showbiz — accent on the biz

Brookes Diamond is the biggest name in entertainment promotion on the East Coast. But can a 1960s "folkie" really find happiness in the 1986 business world?

by Angela Snide

I don't want to sound bloomingly optimistic," says Atlantic Canada's number one entertainment promoter, sounding bloomingly optimistic. It's a busy mid-week morning and Brookes Diamond is making last minute arrangements for a client's concert tour, answering the phone, exchanging casual morning chat with people who pause in his doorway and trying to explain through it all the reasons for his enthusiasm for a business which, he says, "is just starting to realize its true potential."

He wouldn't have to explain at all if the renovations to his new office in a historical building in downtown Halifax were complete and the walls were decorated with the usual mix of pop art and PR. The posters would tell the story. There might be aging ones of the gone-but-not-forgotten Atlantic Folk Festival, or of the late-and-still-lamented Irish folk group Ryan's Fancy. There might be newer posters for Jane Siberry, Billy Idol, K.D. Lang, The Nylons, Zamfir, Liona Boyd, Murray McLauchlan and Kris Kristofferson, or for local artists like Rita MacNeil, McGinty, and Tony Quinn. There could be last year's Hallowe'en

Halifax Mardi Gras poster or a poster advertising this year's Atlantic Summer Fair. Brookes Diamond is the promoter of every one of these performers and events, and many others besides.

After 15 years in the business, Diamond, 40, is one of just a half-dozen successful regional entertainment promoters in Canada and an important member of an informal network of key North American entertainment industry contacts.

To some, the high-pressure, high-profile entertainment promotions business might seem glamorous. The truth, Diamond confides, is that it's more pressure than profile. And perhaps not as lucrative as some might expect. Canadian promoters are confronted with not just the devalued Canadian dollar, but with taxes that can amount to 27 per cent of the gross revenue a performer generates, including a 15 per cent federal government withholding tax applied when entertainers come from the United States, a ten per cent provincial government amusement tax and a two per cent royalty on the material performed. A recent Bruce Cockburn engagement, for instance, grossed \$45,000, but after all the fees, bills, and taxes had been paid, Dia-

mond earned just \$3,000. In essence it's love, not short term cash, that's behind his uplifted outlook.

Dressed in business-yet-casual attire, Diamond doesn't look anything like the stereotyped show business hustler. And though he hasn't yet made his fortune from entertainment promotion, he's at the top of the promotion business on the East Coast. He got there through a combination of coincidence, persistence and love for the business.

The coincidence part is particularly interesting. It happened in 1971. Diamond, who grew up in all four Atlantic Provinces, was studying to be a teacher at Dalhousie University when his life fortuitously changed. "I was just walking through the Student Union Building lobby and a friend grabbed me and said, 'You gotta do the Winter Carnival.' I didn't think I could do it, I just didn't like to say no."

As carnival organizer, he hired a new Irish folk group he'd heard at a fraternity party. The group was Ryan's Fancy. Until then, Diamond confessed, his musical tastes had been "typical, North American pop music." But when he heard Ryan's Fancy, he fell in love with Irish and traditional Nova Scotia folk music. He abandoned his teaching plans to become the group's manager.

His role with Ryan's Fancy wasn't strictly business. "Brookes was more than an agent," says Denis Ryan, the leader of the group. "He was someone you relied on as a friend." During Ryan's Fancy's 14-year existence, Diamond helped



Diamond: more pressure than profile

establish not just the popularity of the group but his own reputation as well.

His timing couldn't have been better. In 1971, the Canadian Radio and Telecommunications Commission introduced regulations requiring radio stations to play more Canadian music. As a result, artists like Murray McLauchlan and Bruce Cockburn were introduced to a larger audience. When those newly popular Canadian performers began to tour the country, their Toronto managers turned to Ryan's Fancy's manager to arrange their Atlantic Canada bookings.

What Denis Ryan calls "his real love for the music of this part of the country" made Diamond something more than just another promoter. Despite his growing involvement with national and international stars, he remained committed to promoting local music and musicians. That's the simple reason he created the Atlantic Folk Festival, a memorable three-day annual open air gathering of Atlantic Canadian musicians that, at its peak, attracted up to 12,000 people each year. "It was just something that had to be done," he asserts. "There were so many musicians around who knew each other and would delight in being in the same place at the same time." Rather than featuring national and international stars, the Atlantic Folk Festival was unique among folk

festivals because it proudly presented to appreciative audiences — sometimes for the first time — performers like Newfoundland's Wonderful Grand Band, Cape Breton's Buddy and the Boys, Prince Edward Island's Angèle Arseneault and the New Brunswick Acadian group 1755.

"Planning it took four or five months of each year," says Diamond, who booked the artists, promoted the event and provided the facilities — Woodstock-style, on a Nova Scotia farm — for an instant small town. "We had to have everything: food concessions, washroom and hospital facilities..." He also needed what no amount of planning could ever guarantee, a fine weekend. "The festival cost us in excess of a quarter of a million dollars in each of its last three years, and that's a lot of money to bet on a sunny day."

When, after seven years, he dropped the festival in 1981, Diamond had lots of memories, a few outstanding bills and a reputation for getting things done. But he also needed something more financially dependable to offset the uncertainties of life as an entertainment promoter on the East Coast. "My wife and I knew we had to get into something else to be able to afford the music business," he says. "We began to take the business end of it seriously."

Today, Fiona Diamond runs three Halifax area branches of the It Store, a trendy gift shop franchise, while Brookes Diamond Ltd. is becoming more diversified. Brookes Diamond estimates their combined gross revenue at over \$1 million a year. Though still in the throes of defining just what his company does, he is increasingly involved in promotional activities, professional fund-raising and special events — either staged independently or for corporations and institutions. Last May, for example, Diamond brought together the talents of Neptune Theatre with the financial needs of the new Dartmouth General Hospital to stage a dinner theatre event that raised \$45,000. He produced the first-ever Atlantic Summer Fair in Halifax last June, and then, in October, promoted a huge Hallowe'en Mardi Gras

costume party in the city for an estimated 20,000 people. The Grace Maternity Hospital has appointed him director of special events for this year's fund-raising campaign. He's been hired to book the concert series at Charlottetown's Confederation Centre this summer and, in August at Expo 86 in Vancouver, Diamond will produce the events celebrating Nova Scotia Day.

But can a 1960s folk festival "folkie" really find happiness in the 1986 business world?

When Diamond talks about his role as an entertainment promoter, he seems more like a doting parent than a wheeler-dealer with people to sell. "The job here," he says, "is to create a business atmosphere so that the artist can survive, be happy and can afford to be an artist...to make sure the distances aren't too far from one gig to the next, that the halls are the halls they should be playing in, that they're getting paid the money they should be getting paid." And he makes sure, too, that the performers aren't being paid too much, because "if the people booking them lose money, that creates an atmosphere not very amenable to performing satisfactorily."

Those concerns are now part of his responsibilities as manager and agent for Cape Breton singer Rita MacNeil, who first appeared at the Atlantic Folk Festival in 1977 and whose star has risen steadily since. His immediate sights for MacNeil are on a Juno Award in the fall of this year. But although he hopes MacNeil will sing all over the world some day, he insists there will be no frenzied scrambling to reach the top. "She's very individualistic," he says. "You can't make her do what she won't do."

That wouldn't be Brookes Diamond's style anyway. When Diamond — who's more accustomed to promoting others than himself — speaks about his career, he often seems surprised by what he's accomplished. He is much faster to credit everyone from government bureaucrats to individual concert hall managers for the progress that has been made in bringing more and better entertainment to the Atlantic Provinces. But the truth is that none of it would have been possible without Brookes Diamond. ☒

When the grass turns to gold

Hay used to be big business in the Maritimes. Now the world is demanding hay again — primarily to feed racehorses. It could again become a multi-million dollar export from the Maritimes

by J.A. Burnett

The time: a day in the not-too-distant future. The place: a busy oil port on the Persian Gulf. Dwarfed by Japanese supertankers, a heavily laden freighter from Nova Scotia enters the harbor. It too is a fuel carrier, but unlike the massive oil tankers it has not come to take on a load, but to deliver one. Its cargo: Maritime hay to feed the camels, goats, and spirited Arabian horses of the Saudi desert.

It's a fantasy, but if Keith Russell, George Trueman and Greg Cox have their way, it will become a reality within the next few years. The three, and the co-operatives they represent, are trying to establish hay as a multi-million dollar Maritime export. Right now, it looks as though they're going to succeed.

The market's out there all right," says Russell, of the Moncton-based Co-op Atlantic, a network of some 170 co-operative stores in the four Atlantic provinces.

"They want good hay in the United States, the Caribbean, and the U.K. And of course there's the Newfoundland market. The Newfoundland government has set a goal for the province to become self-sufficient in fluid milk production, and to sustain more dairy herds they'll need a lot more hay than they can produce locally for the time being."

Some 60 years ago, hay was big business in the Maritimes. Horses were essential to local transportation in every village, town and city, and in the mines and forests as well. The horse-drawn economy was fuelled by hay — thousands of tons of it, grown on New Brunswick's vast Tantramar marshes and on other, smaller tracts of land around the region.

Tens of thousands of tons of the dried, cured grass were shipped to Halifax, Saint John, New England, and Newfoundland.

were at the peak of the hay business 60 years ago. Advances in haymaking technology and methods resulted in a marked increase in the efficiency with which high quality hay could be produced. Land that produced two tons per acre 30 years ago can now be reasonably expected to produce three or four tons. And the Canadian dollar dropped dramatically against the American, opening new doors to a wide variety of export possibilities.

Two years ago Co-op Atlantic, long a manufacturer and distributor of livestock feeds and other farm-related products, set up an agricultural marketing and development division to provide leadership and expertise in the pursuit of new opportunities for Maritime farmers. Keith Russell was named to manage the new operation.

Russell selected hay as one of his


a guaranteed base price for hay, sell it to foreign customers, and put the profits in a pool to be shared proportionally among the participants.

As it happens, a farmers' co-operative in Prince Edward Island, Island Hay and Straw, was already engaged in shipping hay to the United Kingdom, and declined to participate in the scheme. However, two other grower groups, the Scotia Hay Co-op in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley, and Ridgeway Forage and Grain, a company owned by five neighboring farmers in Pointe de Bute near Sackville, N.B., were both interested. If the scheme succeeds, the rewards may be significant. Recently, local hay sales have brought farmers about \$50 a ton. Under the Co-op plan, individual producers will receive about \$60 on delivery, plus a profit share from the pool at the season's end that could raise the total return to \$65 to \$85 per ton.

Greg Cox, president of the Scotia Hay Co-op, noted that the sale of 10,000 tons of hay could inject \$2 million into the regional economy. He says there's a potential market for close to 40,000 tons per year in the U.S., the Caribbean, and Europe. The group already exports some hay to the U.K. And with other areas, such as Africa and the Middle and Far East under study, the volume of export in a few years time could well surpass that achieved in the 1920s. The group feels it has a competitive edge over inland producers because land is cheaper and ports are closer.

Like the Scotia group, Ridgeway Forage and Grain is starting out with an annual handling capacity of about 5,000 tons. Managing director George Trueman has spent a lot of time investigating markets at first hand in Florida and the U.K. "It's important to have a close liaison with the buyers," he says. "They want to be sure that we know about hay and how to grow it and grade it."

Trueman feels it is important not to get overextended during the exploratory stages of a highly competitive business. "We've got to be sure we can guarantee quality, consistency, and continuity," he says. "In these big markets, they don't want to see us drop in for two months and then drop out for ten. If we show up there with a product they don't like, they could blow us right out of the water."

Keith Russell expects that start-up costs will be high. New equipment is expensive. "The farmers most likely to benefit from this program already have a good land base and equipment, and have been engaged in soil and crop improvement programs over the last few years," says Russell. "We've discovered that the demand is there. Now it all depends on how skilful we are at securing new markets and getting farmers to produce the kinds of hay that will sell at top prices. We can do it," he concludes confidently. "There's nothing we've seen in our researches that we can't produce here." 

The Maritimes are well-placed to take advantage of the new worldwide demand for hay. There are good grasslands, like New Brunswick's Tantramar marshes, land is cheaper than in central Canada and there are seaports nearby

Pressed and loaded on boxcars, hay sold for as much as \$25 and even \$28 per ton — good money, considering the low cost of labor and other inputs at the time.

Keith Russell grew up on a farm overlooking the Cumberland Basin, just outside Amherst, N.S. "My dad's intention when he bought the place," he recalls, "was that within a few years he'd have the farm paid for out of hay. And I guess in the first ten years he did pay off a good part of it. And then the '30s came along."

The Depression ruined the economy in general, and the internal combustion engine destroyed the market for hay in particular. Hay was still important, but chiefly as a crop that beef and dairy farmers grew to feed their livestock. There was still a small export demand, but it looked as if the boom time for hay producers was gone for good. "By 1934 or '35," says Russell, "I can remember my father getting \$5 a ton for pressed hay delivered to railside at Nappan (N.S.) and he told me it cost him \$1.50 a ton just to bale it. That really seemed like the end."

And then, a generation later, several things happened. Recreational horse ownership exploded in the 1970s and '80s. By some estimates, there are more horses across North America today than there

projects. It rapidly became apparent that there were important international markets to be tapped. Research revealed that Florida imports 500,000 tons annually, from as far afield as Washington state. The buyers, largely racehorse owners and trainers, require a top quality mix of timothy and alfalfa — a blend that grows well in the Maritimes.

Elsewhere, the demand is for a somewhat smaller volume, but prices are sky-high. The proprietor of a Bermuda riding stable reported last year that American hay of indifferent quality, landed in Hamilton, cost \$20.50 U.S. per bale, the equivalent of \$575 Canadian per ton. Although shipping costs make up the greater part of this price, there still seems to be ample profit potential for a good Maritime product.

Russell's strategy for approaching the hay market invokes a straightforward application of co-op principles. To produce and ship large amounts of hay profitably to distant markets is beyond the capability of a single producer. However, a regional association of farmers can do it, especially if backed by the administrative and financial strengths of Co-op Atlantic. The latter, acting as a coordinator and broker, would pay local producer groups

CALENDAR

NOVA SCOTIA

July 2 — Strawberry Festival, sponsored by the Kempt Baptist Sewing Circle, Kempt

July 4 — July 4th American Visitors Party, welcome party for American visitors on their National Day, refreshments and entertainment, Bridgetown

July 6 — Simeon Perkins Tea on the Lawn, an annual event commemorating the settlement of the town of Liverpool by the New England planters in 1760, Liverpool

July 8-13 — Festival Acadien de Clare, including Gabriel and Evangeline pageant, deep sea fishing tournament, children's sports day, lumberjack contest, barrel rolling contest and French mass, Clare

July 9-10 — Blue Rocks Roast Beef Supper and Garden Party with local arts, crafts, entertainment and games, Blue Rocks

July 10-12 — Antigonish Highland Games, a major Scottish festival with pipe bands, Highland dancing, traditional Scottish athletic events, concerts and massed pipe band tattoo, Antigonish

July 10-13 — Pictou Lobster Fisheries Carnival, events include lobster boat races, sailboat races, waterfront activities, lobster suppers, Pictou

July 12 — Annual Solomon Gundy Supper, a traditional Lunenburg County meal, Blue Rocks

July 12 — 8th Annual Mackerel Snappers Picnic with entertainment, games, contests and dunk tank, East Chester

July 12-13 — Lunenburg Craft Festival, Nova Scotia crafts, pancake breakfast, scallop fry, beergarden, chicken barbeque and evening concert, Lunenburg

July 12-19 — Coal Dust Days with various sporting and social activities, outdoor concerts, windsurfing, tennis and parade, New Waterford

July 18-19 — 7th Annual Sportsmen's Meet, sponsored by the Eastern Shore Wildlife Association with wood chopping, axe throwing, log rolling, dance and lobster supper, Sheet Harbour

July 18-27 — Kipawo Festival of Fine Arts, festival of art, theatre, dance and music, Parrsboro

July 19 — Heritage Day and Herring Chokers Picnic, an annual event including craft and bake sale, children's parade, 10 km race and traditional supper of salt herring and potatoes, Blandford

July 19-Aug. 3 — Centre Bras d'Or Festival of the Arts, Baddeck

July 19-Aug. 11 — *Folk Art from Atlantic Canada*, by Joe Norris, Edward Mandaggio and Louise Chaulk English, Houston North Gallery, Lunenburg

July 20 — Shubenacadie Canal Days, an afternoon of entertainment, children's games and a barbeque in celebration of the Shubenacadie Canal Birthday,

Dartmouth

July 20 — Victorian Summer Tea, tea and sweets followed by lawn croquet and entertainment by Sherbrooke Old Timers Band, Sherbrooke Village

July 26 — Bear River Cherry Carnival, with parade, home-cooked meals, auction and water sports, Bear River

July 26 — Mahone Bay Chowder Festival, featuring a variety of traditional Lunenburg chowders, soups and home-made pies, Mahone Bay

July 26 — Old Fashioned Home-made Ice Cream Festival featuring home-made ice cream of many flavors, with music, games and fish pond, Tupperville

NEW BRUNSWICK

July 3-5 — Hartland Potato Festival, Hartland

July 3-6 — Crab Festival, Le Goulet

July 3-31 — *Around Saint John*, watercolor paintings and drawings by Mary K. Cormier, City of Saint John Gallery, Saint John

July 8-13 — Lobster Festival, Shediac

July 11-19 — Old Home Week, St. Martin's

July 12-13 — Carleton County Strawberry and Blue Grass Festival, Woodstock

July 13-20 — Fisheries Festival, Pointe-Sapin

July 14-22 — Clam Festival, St. Simon

July 18-20 — Canada's Irish Festival, Chatham

July 19 — Sand Sculpture Contest, Shediac

July 20-26 — Loyalist Days Festival, Saint John

July 24-26 — Ninth Annual Loyalist Days Antiques Showsale, Saint John

July 28-Aug. 4 — Valley Festival, Val D'Amours

July 28-Aug. 3 — Summer Festival, Paquetville

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

July 2 — Windsurfing Races every Wednesday, Stanhope Beach Lodge

July 2-Sept. 14 — Juried exhibition of Island crafts, presented through the Art Gallery and P.E.I. Crafts Council, Confederation Centre of the Arts, Charlottetown

July 6-Aug. 2 — *Gordon Bellamy: Sculptures in Clay*, Holland College, School of Visual Arts, Charlottetown

July 12 — Lobster Eating Contest, Stanhope Beach Lodge

July 13 — Midsummer Night Concert, chamber music with Morry Kernerman, Ruth Budd, Norma Lee Bisha, Edward Bisha, and Frances Gray, UPEI, Charlottetown

July 19-20 — Open Air Scottish Concert, Rollo Bay

July 19-26 — Potato Blossom Festival, O'Leary

July 20-26 — Summerside Lobster Carnival, Summerside

July 27 — Midsummer Night Concert with Lorand Fenyves, violin, and Frances Gray, piano, UPEI, Charlottetown

July 28-Aug. 1 — Nautical Watercolor Painting Workshops with marine artist Roy Henry Wright for both amateurs and advanced students, daily instruction and field trips, Stanhope Beach Lodge

NEWFOUNDLAND

July 3-6 — Cow Head Lobster Festival, with fireworks, arts and crafts displays, boat tours, cod-jigging excursions, lobster dinners and take-out, Cow Head

July 11-13 — Newfoundland Forestfest, logging competitions and demonstrations, historical display, Newfoundland Symphony Youth Orchestra concert, Springdale

July 14-22 — French Shore Shrimp Festival, open-air shrimp feasts, shrimp shucking, torchlight longliner parade, logging contests, regattas, dances and fashion show, Port Saunders, Port au Choix, and Hawkes Bay

July 15-Aug. 3 — Stephenville Festival, seven professional productions including *Evita*, *Company*, *Torch Song Trilogy*, and four others, Stephenville

July 18-20 — 3rd Annual Trinity Festival, talent show and pageant, puppet show, tug-o-war, dory races, traditional food and entertainment, Trinity and Trinity Bay

July 21 — Harbour Grace Annual Regatta, including games, food and entertainment, Harbour Grace

July 24-27 — Fish, Fun, and Folk Festival, play performed by the Twillingate Players, storytelling, craft demonstrations and sale, fish filleting contest, mat hooking, entertainment, sailing races, Twillingate

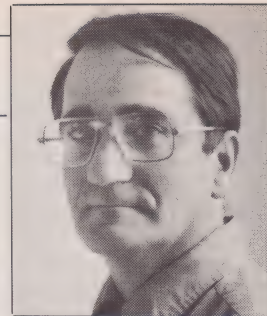
July 25-28 — The Fifty-Year Flight, festival celebrating Gander International Airport's 50th anniversary of aviation, including a major airshow, parade, regatta and fireworks display, Gander

July 26-Aug. 3 — Homecoming Week, tournaments, concerts, fishing derby, garden parties, Bell Island

July 26-27 — Annual Rose Show, hosted by Newfoundland Horticultural Society, St. John's

July 27 — Southern Shore Seafood Festival and Ferryland-Maryland Day, an annual event commemorating the arrival of Lord and Lady Baltimore to Newfoundland in 1627, activities include dory races, games, supper and dance, Ferryland

July 27-28 — 7th Annual Labrador Heritage Folk Festival, with traditional barbequed salmon and trout, caribou-burgers, native and settler entertainment, arts and crafts, Happy Valley-Goose Bay



Computer envy hits columnizers

It's envy, impure and simple, which prompts me to note that some of my fellow columnizers have got hold of computers.

Wish I had one. I fancy that a computer would make the wretched task of writing a column deliriously easy. The rag bag of the human mind has got a limited number of bits and pieces in it whereas a computer has got a host of rag bags all chucked together and on electronic tap.

As time passes, the craft of computerized columnization will become more refined. It will be harder to tell them from the hand-whittled sort. But right now, the joints show.

An example of a column done by computer: "Speaking of cabbages, the largest cabbage ever reared was grown by Lubianka Zinkoski in what was then Upper Silesia in 1946. It weighed 176 (or whatever) kilograms.

"World cabbage production hit an all-time high in 1984 when enough of the vegetable was harvested to fill 7.43 million box cars.

"The average Australian family eats 16.8 heads of cabbage per year whereas in Patagonia . . ." But enough of cabbage, surely. You get the general drift of computerized columnization. A button is pushed, a subject is designated and the "retrieval system" goes to work like 100,000 devils on double pay spewing out everything the human race knows of cabbage including the number of cheap boarding houses on the globe that reek of Jeye's Fluid and boiled wassaname.

The envy I have of computer-users is not untinted by fear, the fear of being left behind in the dust. Once they get the wrinkles ironed out, you may not be able to tell a hand-crafted column from a computerized one. I figure I've got five years left at best.

That's why my day is made when the bank computer tells me my overdraft equals the national debt of Argentina or when the person at the supermarket checkout computer goes berserk and pounds her machine with both fists screaming, "Abort launch! Abort launch!"

I jump for joy whenever I read in a newspaper that "A spokesman for the department of enough cabbages were harvested in 1984 to fill 7.43 million box-cars declined comment." I rejoice because I know the mysterious sentence was written by a newperson sitting at a computer terminal . . . a terminal not yet quite capable of terminating its operator.

Computerphobia is, I'm comforted to

learn, a widespread thing. Many of us were traumatized a few years back when the news magazines assured us that without a knowledge of computers we were like a basket of kittens in the middle of a highway with a steam-roller bearing down. We would be the new illiterates.

I realized I wasn't alone in this condition when David Suzuki came to town — knowing all that may possibly be known about fruit flies and computers — and denounced the seal hunt.

A letter to a St. John's newspaper said, "Dear Sir, Does that fellow call himself David Christ or is he Jesus Suzuki?" It wasn't the seal hunt that set the correspondent off, I think, as much as it was the intimidating presence of so overwhelming a fruit fly computer expert. I have since met many such computerphobes.

Who's laughing now? Not me

My apprehension leaps whenever I read a piece by Nova Scotia writer, Silver Donald Cameron. I didn't notice any joints whatsoever in his stuff. Yet, a few years ago, Silver Donald was kind enough to send me details of his home computer system at a time when I thought I'd better get computerized or go under.

It was then my ambition to retire to a rural area, toss off push-button columns in the blink of an eye and devote the rest of my time to increasing the world's production of cabbages.

Professor Cameron has, by now, either mastered the computer perfectly so as to produce articles without seam or he tired of the apparatus early on and pitched it off the D'Escousse government wharf.

"Information retrieval systems" are what the hellish devices are sometimes called. "User-friendly" is the odd phrase their makers use to describe them. I get a nervous bowel whenever I see the Charlie Chaplin lookalike demolish a mountain of paperwork in seconds because I'm reminded that there's nothing between me and extinction but a 1968 "Royal" manual with a quarter pound of cigarette ash in its works.

I dread the doorbell. Two chances out of three, it's a couple of the rising generation wanting you to sponsor them in a walk-run-bike-rock-dance or spit-a-thon so they can buy . . . what else? . . . a computer for their school. It's another twist of the mid-life crisis blade for a computerphobe has-been like me.

Therapy has been of little help. I gave it up after the first half-dozen sessions. The most Dr. Kiniski could offer was that since journalism consists largely of telling lies and that since a liar with a poor memory is the most pitiable specimen of humanity imaginable, therefore I resent and dread the computer's supermemory.

I have met several minor novelists who have the same problem. They're marooned in the age of the goose quill while most of their contemporaries have taken the leap into the Valley of the Silicon. Computerized novelists have sales in the millions but here, too, the butts still show.

Every now and then the electronics flicker and dab in the middle of a trashy novel you may get, "Jessica knew that the sadistic neo-Nazi who possessed the formula to destroy the world's supply of cabbages was only minutes behind her as she scrambled desperately across the Finnish tundra/the wastes of Patagonia/the cruel burning sandstone of the Nularbor Plain."

It was my silly conservatism that lost me the computer race and left me on the scrap-heap of columnization. It was pig-headedness. If someone tells me I must, must, must see "Seed Catalogues: Part II, the Movie" I make it a point never to do so.

It was the same when, in the early days of "word processors," the things were urged upon me. I pooh-poohed them. "Word processors," I spat scornfully. "Might as well stick your Funk and Wagnalls into the Cuisinart with balsamic vinegar and fling the results against the wall!"

But who's laughing now? Not me with my fingertips bloody, crumpled typewriter paper ankle-deep, persecuted by deadline-crazed editors, the crucial entry in my Webster's obscured by the kiddies' Crayolas, shouting rude words at Jehovah's Witnesses, making improper gestures at enlightened juveniles collecting for a school computer . . .

No, it certainly isn't a jolly Friar Guy hunched over his manuscript in the guttering light of a candle cringing under the cruel lash of the Brother Superior which falls upon his stooped shoulders at each and every blot.

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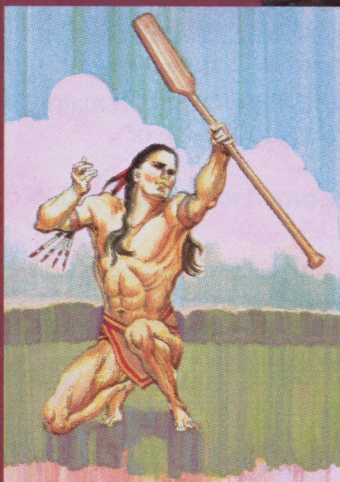


Twice a day the falls reverse and start going the other way, making the Falls unnavigable for all but 20 minutes every 6 hours. Legend has it that the half god, half man Glooscap, a Maliseet Indian, was responsible for this. This was his solution for the local people who wanted him to make life easier for them by making one half of the river run downstream and the other upstream. Instead, he compromised and arranged for the river to change direction twice a day. Thus, the Reversing Falls.

The truth is, this phenomenon is caused by the famous high tides of the Bay of Fundy some six kilometres away.

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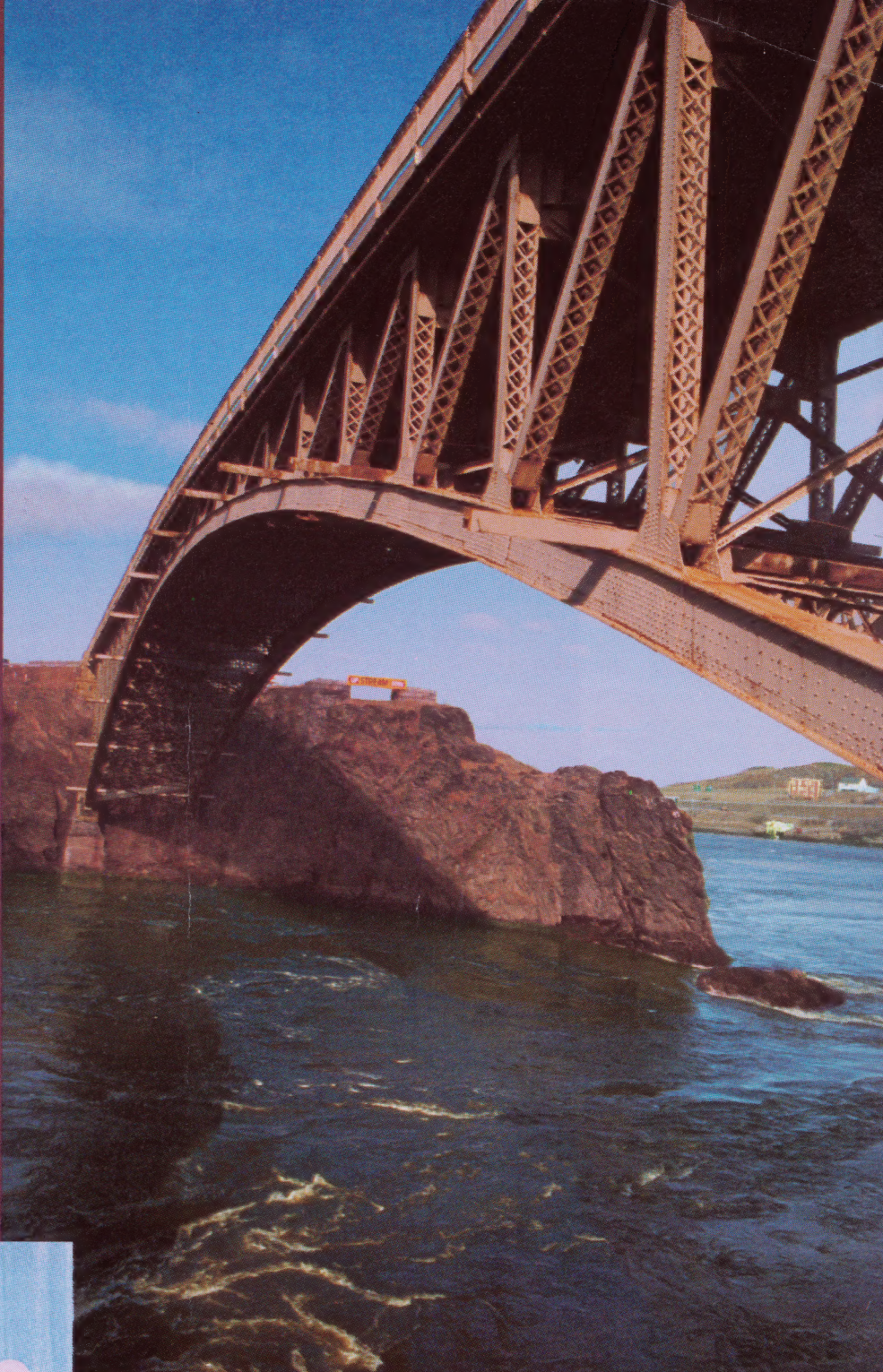


The Reversing Falls Bridge Saint John, N.B.

The legendary Indian god, Glooscap – mythical creator of the Reversing Falls.

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CHRISTOPHER PRATT

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